



'18

The
1918 "E"

SENIOR'S GREETING

To those whose eyes may chance to fall
Upon these printed pages,
Think not to criticize at all
But cherish them for ages.

'Tis but the history of a year
These pages do unfold—
Long may our memories linger here
With thoughts of Gray and Gold.

Now as we Seniors launch our boat
Upon the sea of time,
Long may "E's" colors ever float
And ever reign sublime.

—Gladys Jones.

DEDICATION



HIS year is one of patriotism. Our thoughts naturally turn to the boys who have gone from us to fight in the cause of democracy. When we think of those who have gone "over there" or read their names on the Honor Roll, we feel proud that we have been able to send them, although we are sad because they are not with us.

It is to those boys who had a vision of the right, and who sacrificed all to follow it, that we dedicate this annual.

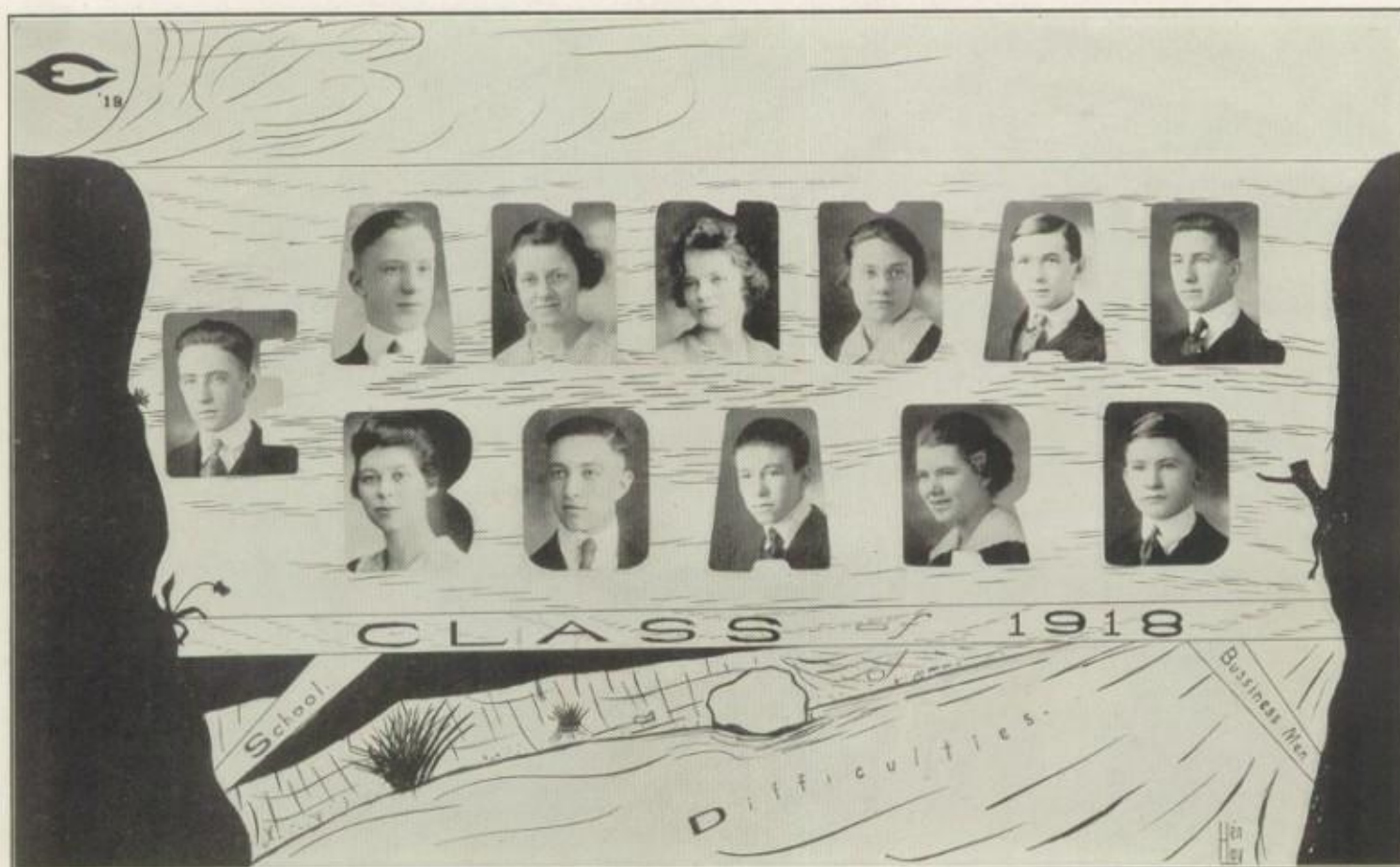
A TOAST TO "THE BOYS"

Here's to the boys who are going,
And here's to the boys who have gone.
May they always be honored at Emerson,
It's a mighty fine thing they have done.

Here's to the boys in Khaki,
And here's to the boys in blue,
We must always be thinking about them,
For they're fighting for me and for you.

Here's to those who are staying,
They're as brave as those who have gone,
For they are also serving
Who are doing their bit at home.

—Eugene Swartz.



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We wish to extend our most sincere thanks to: our Principal,
Mr. E. A. Spaulding; the Faculty members, Mr. N. P.
Richardson, Miss Olive Richardson and Miss Ida
A. Lull; the business men herein represented
and all others who have helped to make
this, the 1918 "E", possible.



Nine



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HENRY G. HAY, III
"Hen"

In his last year when he should have enjoyed rest and quiet, Henry has been busier than a German stretcher-bearer. Besides being responsible for the current "E", he has led old '18 through a successful year. Henry has shown ability as a leader and organizer and is deserving of his high offices. Just play. "Gee Boys, I'm Glad I'm Glad I'm Through" for Henry and see him smile. Chicago, Illinois, 1908. U"—n I decla".

Football '17, '18.

Track.

Chorus.

Class Baseball.

Class President.

Annual Board '17, '18.

Commercial Club.

HELEN LEE
"Lucy"

Has the ability to say something when she talks. Under the guiding hand of Miss Lynch, Helen has accomplished some fine work in public speaking. Believing "United, we stand; divided, we fall," Helen has been closely associated with the Spiker-Lee-Harris-Ralph combination. She tired of Lowell, Indiana in 1912.

Hockey.

Camp Fire.

Declamatory.

Senior Play.

Class Secretary.

Commercial Club.

RAYMOND F. MAC LENNAN
"Baldy"

Baldy, God bless him! The pride of the class! Can do anything, at any time—and is willing to. Baldy does everything equally well; football, track, baseball, basketball, tennis or dancing. As an English shark, Baldy is a three-cushion expert. Would like to Kilpatrick. Pledged to Delta Tau Delta at Indiana University. Chicago, Illinois, 1907.

Football '15, '16, '17, '18.

Basketball '16, '17, '18.

Baseball '16, '17.

Class Baseball.

Track.

President Athletic Association.

Annual Board '17, '18.

Vice-President of Class.

Senior Play.

LUCILLE M. HARRIS
"Noisy"

Lucille has the kind of smile that won't wear off. It has never been decided whether she is Irene Spiker's shadow or whether Irene is her's but it makes no difference. They must use glue to stick so closely together. They've got the Siamese twins living on opposite sides of the sea. Such workers as Lucille make it possible to have class organization. Chicago, Illinois, 1909.

Basketball.

Chorus.

Senior Play.

Hockey.

Declamatory Prelims.

Class Treasurer.



HAROLD E. COGLEY
"Judge"

Harold was our valiant Captain in football and track. "Athlete" came from Logansport in 1909 but has made an honest effort to live it down and we respect him for it. Enjoys walking and may be seen any morning about two A. M. walking in to town from Ridge Road where, according to him, "The view is splendid".

"Wait 'till you see me with my Sweetie".

Football '15, '16, '17, Captain '18.

Basketball.

Track '16, '17, Captain '18.

Class Baseball.

Chorus '17.

Athletic Association '15.

Class Treasurer.

JESSIE M. BOWEN
"Jessica"

Our indispensable gloom remover. Results guaranteed. When Jessie isn't playing basketball, hockey, tennis, or swimming, knitting, studying or dancing; she is writing to the "Sojers". Fond of "Hello Central, Give Me No Man's Land".

Basketball '15, '16, '17, '18.

Hockey.

Camp Fire.

Commercial Club.

Athletic Association.

Class Treasurer '16, '17.

C. CURTIS COONS
"Curt"

When Curt isn't breaking some fair one's heart, he is doing mathematics for someone less capable. When tired of handball, he flies around in his self-made "jit". We hold two things against him; he and Ans lived in Hammond before 1911 and then he is sadly addicted to Jersey sweaters.

"For Pete's sake Ans, get 'em up."

Football '17, '18.

Handball Champion '17, '18.

Chorus.

President Student Council.

ELIZABETH GRAFF

Everyone fully expected her to be our valedictorian from the beginning of the year. She is our Literary Editor and perfectly capable of filling her position. If you are a fatalist you will know that Elizabeth is cut out for an English teacher and will, sooner or later, drift into that profession. Ninety-seven's on Elizabeth's card are as common as eighty's on an ordinary mortal's report card. She should cultivate a liking for "I know I got more than my share". Blairsville, Pennsylvania, 1917.

Camp Fire.

Student Council.

Annual Board.



HAROLD E. PETERSON
"Private Pete"

Pete is as much of a fixture on our tennis courts as the net posts. It is rumored that he doesn't go home at all but sleeps in the animal cages; but it has never been verified. Beside playing ping pong, Harold is some student and knows that "All play and no work will make Jack a bone head". Chicago, Illinois, 1916.

Class Baseball '17, '18.
Tennis.

DORIS D. DAVIDSON
"Beany"

Doris is a great help in keeping class spirit alive. She's a booster in every sense of the word. Has a strange antipathy for "stags" at a dance. Before she leaves us, if it wouldn't be asking too much, we would like to have her explain her mysterious visits to Whiting. Famous for her ability to get a smile out of a punk joke. Whiting, Indiana, 1909.

Camp Fire.
Vice-President of Class '16.
Class Secretary '17.

ANSEL L. COONS
"Ans"

Tennis and hand ball are the things that make life worth living for Ans. No one was wise to the fact that Ansel could dance until the Prom where he got out and showed even the old timers a few new steps. Every one envies his pull with Miss Richardson. He has graduated from Y. M. C. A. pool.

Track '17.
Class Baseball.
Handball Champion '17, '18.
Chorus.
Band '16, '17, '18.
Orchestra '15, '16, '17, '18.

GLADYS C. JONES
"Jonesy"

If the class had to elect someone to agitate dances and good times, we would surely choose Jonesy. Gladys proposes dances on the least provocation. Were you ever to one when she wasn't there? She is about as likely to miss a dance as the Crown Prince is to win a battle. Always believes in friendly relations between Emerson and Froebel and has done her best to preserve peace. "Come on kids, let's give a dance." Birmingham, Alabama, 1910.

Basketball.
Hockey.
Camp Fire.
Declamatory Prelim.
Commercial Club.



RUNDELL N. WOOD
"Runt"

Runt believes in doing things well and although he goes at them in a left handed way, he is always successful. We know he is cut out to be a journalist. Is interested in every school activity and if class spirit were fire, Runt would have a little WAR to put the Kaiser in. (Figure it out by Geometry, remembering what Sherman said). From Dowagiac, Michigan, in 1907.

Pledged to Delta N. at DePauw.
Track '17, '18.
Class Basketball '17, '18.
Basketball Manager '17, '18.
Annual Board.
Vice-President of Class '17.
Commercial Club.
Oratorical.
Senior Play.

MIRIAM A. SWARTZ
"Swartzie"

Miriam is another little heart breaker and usually picks on college fellows from "Spido". She is fond of dancing and is the classiest little stepper in the school, too. Between dances you can usually find her somewhere near the punch bowl refusing (?) another glass. Miriam is a shy little girl but that doesn't prevent her from having a good time wherever she goes. "Quality—not quantity". Began to lose interest in Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, about 1912.

You can always tell a Y. A. J. but you can't tell her much.
Camp Fire.

HARVEY W. EVANS
"Doc"

Doc showed us the real stuff in track. Pretends to be a woman hater but outside of time out, to fix a tire, he enjoyed himself thoroughly all the way home from the Northern Indiana Track Meet. Tells Edith he's a member of the Mighty Five. Left Asmada, Michigan in 1907.

Track.
Class Basketball.
Baseball '17.
Class Baseball.

IRENE SPIKER
"Spike"

Champion class giggler. Beside giggling, she is always coaxing Rose Ella to go some place. Spike is quite a girl and is always bubbling over with good humor and pep. Besides thinking up punk jokes for the annual, Irene spends a good deal of her time fixing her Mary Pickford curls. "It's the way she says 'em." Lachburg, Pennsylvania, 1911.

Basketball.
Hockey.
Declamatory Prelims.
Chorus '17, '18.
Annual Board.
Senior Play.



EUGENE H. SWARTZ
"Beanie"

This brave little fellow plays a horn which is about twice his size, in our band. He has an intense craving to try tonsorial experiments on the Freshmen. Likes loud ties, chocolate sundaes, flowery orations and quiet girls. Beanie showed the Juniors a few rope untying stunts during the hunt. "This lad has brains." Horned his way from Gallup, New Mexico in 1908.

Oratorical '15, '16, '17, '18.
Chorus '17, '18.
Band '15, '16, '17, '18.
Orchestra '15, '16, '17, '18.
Annual Board.
Commercial Club.
Senior Play.



AGNES M. BRINK
"Ag"

Agnes hails from the "Atlantic City of the West". Did you ever notice the ring on her left hand? His name is Ernest and he is—about the ring. He's in the army now. Much to the joy of the class, Agnes usually has enough information to finish the last half of the period in reciting.



ROSE ELLA RALPH
"Rosie"

A quiet pleasant mannered lass. Rose Ella doesn't believe in talking much—until she is among friends, of whom she has many. One cannot help but think that Rose Ella is a man hater and after all, doesn't that show brains? Buffalo, New York, 1909.

Commercial Club.



ANNE CROUSE

"Her voice is soft and low—an excellent thing in woman". Anne has buckled down and worked during her short stay here and has made a few class loafers feel ashamed of themselves. Has no time for mere school society and made good use of her last year in school.

Commercial Club.



PAUL CARLSON
"Red"

Owing to his love of outdoor life, Paul's hair is a bit sunburned but even that doesn't interfere with his ability to get all there is to get out of his books. Paul is a hustler and some day through his efforts, Miller is going to rival Chicago.

Chorus.

ELIZABETH R. HAMMOND
"Liz"

One side of the Hammond-Harris-Spiker-Lee square. For emotional acting, Elizabeth has Sarah Bernhardt backed down the fire escape. Elizabeth is one of those quiet unassuming creatures who happen to be around just when you need them. She's no slacker in her school work either. Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, 1906.

Basketball.
Hockey.
Chorus.
Declamatory.
Senior Play.

ELIZABETH MILGRAM
"Liz"

Here's a little package of condensed energy. If there is any excitement anywhere, you may be assured "Bizzie Lizzie" is right in the middle fighting for more. Elizabeth is an "athleticer" too and is playing hockey, basketball, or tennis when she isn't tagging Gluech. Merrill, Wisconsin.

Basketball.
Hockey.
Camp Fire.
Declamatory Prelims.
Senior Play.
Commercial Club.

RUTH ANDERSON
"Rufus"

Ruth isn't much for this social butterfly stuff; but "Oh Lady!" how that girl can play basketball. Although she was one of the main reasons the Senior teams were so successful in athletics, she also shines in her studies. Member of the Anderson Concert Trio. From Chicago, Illinois in 1908.

Basketball '15, '16, '17. Captain '18.
Hockey Captain.
Chorus '15, '16, '17.
Commercial Club.



VERNON E. SMITH
"Deak"

All the hard luck coming to the class was bunched together and pushed on to Vernon. He was forced to quit playing basketball, thereby losing a trip to the state tournament and then was refused admittance to the Navy. Vernon craves excitement and will even travel as far as Valpo for it. He cuts quite a swathe among the ladies and is the class clown. "Give me the Moonlight, give me the Girl". Franklin, Indiana, 1907.
Football '17, '18.
Track '17.
Baseball '16, '17.
Class Baseball.
Oratorical Prelims.
Chorus.



MARION L. MONROE
"Babe"

The lady with the "Million Dollar Smile". Here's the original reason boys leave home. When Marion turns the light of those big bewitching orbs on you, you hate to leave for the army. M. Lennore is quite some speaker too and represented us at the Lake County Contest. Always manages to have a love—ly time wherever she goes. Loves hay-rides and out of school fellows. Chicago 1910.
Winner Declamatory.
Hockey.



MILTON H. ISAY
"Tham"

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen allow me to present the German shark of the school. German cannot be taught at Emerson next year as Milton has all the available knowledge of this subject stored in his head (or note books) and refuses to give it out. As free advertisement (only way we could work it) we must remark that Milton sells Walk-Over shoes. Charter member of the "We came without bids" organization. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, 1910.
Class Basketball.



EDITH BYNON
"Shorty"

Edith knew a good class when she saw it and came all the way from Salem, Oregon, to graduate with us this year. Loves to float around in a big machine which she handles with the adeptness of a Barney Oldfield. Made good use of her periods of "hall" to get acquainted; hence made many friends and secured a mighty bodyguard to escort her at noon.
Commercial Club.
Declamatory Prelims.



HARRIS LIEBOLT
"Tuffy"

Tuffy has an insatiable desire to knock rubber balls over a net. Beside walking off with the Tennis Championship for the last two years, he loves to run up to LaPorte for the week end. Fresh air fiend and often accompanies Cogley in his midnight walks from the Ridge.

Football '17, '18.

Track '17, '18.

Basketball '16.

Class Baseball.

Tennis '15, '17, Captain '18.



CATHERINE E. ALBRIGHT
"Kittie"

"For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,

And if she won't, she won't and there's and end on't."

An active class member though she devotes most of her time to her studies. She intends to go to Washington to learn what few things she didn't learn at Emerson. Left Beardstown, Illinois, to honor us in 1913.

Camp Fire.

Commercial Club.



PAUL SMITH
"Caruso"

Paul was a sure find for Mr. Snyder and has been the mainstay among the tenors for the past three years. Paul is quiet and unassuming except when he gets out and forgets that he is a dignified Senior. Finds that the glare of the Orpheum footlights have an attraction and is even more regular than Claude. Fluttered north with the rest of the song birds in the spring of 1916 from Logansport, Indiana.

Chorus '16, '17, '18.

Commercial Club.

Senior Play.



HELEN C. KIDWELL
"Kapt. Kidd"

Kaptain Kidd sprang into prominence as an artist when she designed the covers for the Prom programs last year. Appreciative of her work, the class made her an Art Editor. Helen is one of our "baby vamps" and is always looking for new "victims" as any honest-to-goodness vampire should. But seriously speaking, Helen is a good worker and credit is due her for her work in the "E". Elwood, Indiana, 1910.

Basketball.

Chorus.

Commercial Club.

Hockey.

Declamatory Prelims.

Annual Board.



EMIL L. KREJCI

Emil is little but—Oh my! You will never again judge by size if you know him. Emil is of a chivalrous turn of mind and is perfectly willing to let all the girls in the English class recite before he does. In fact he is not only willing—he is anxious. Emil enjoys hunts immensely and lets you know he is there too. Lettsdale, Pennsylvania, 1912.



MYRA PIERCE
"Piercie"

Merriville was too small a burg to hold Myra so she blessed Emerson with her presence. If we hadn't attended auditorium, we shouldn't have known Myra plays the piano. Paderewski is still more famous than she but he doesn't take any more interest in his work. Merriville is doomed to one big shake up when Myra returns with a few advanced ideas.

Chorus.
Commercial Club.



EDITH M. STROM
"Ede"

Edith comes from Miller and will actually admit it. That is the courage that wins battles. Beside riding the interurban, Edith spends her time thinking up new excuses to get out of cooking. According to Miss Nugent, she has some success at it too. Miller, Indiana, 1914.

Commercial Club.



FLORENCE C. HEMINGWAY
"Flo"

Beside being our society editor, Florence is one of the few musicians of which our class boasts. Flo is quite versatile and can read, sing, play or whistle as an accomplished artist. Something leads us to suspect Florence is interested in a soldier but we have no proof. "Oh Boy, Oh Joy, Where Do We Go From Here?" Elkhart, Indiana, 1908.

Chorus.
Declamatory.
Annual Board.
Commercial Club.
Class Treasurer '15.



MAURICE N. GOLDSTEIN

"Goldie"

Maurice aspires to be a shorthand shark and if hard work will make him one, he'll succeed. Maurice believes in tending strictly to his own business and he has to be well known to be appreciated. Has our motto down at heart so that instead of advertising he comes through as a silent class worker. Arrived from Wausaw, Wisconsin in 1906.

Oratorical Prelims.

Commercial Club.



GLADYS M. PHILLIPS

"Flips"

Flips aspires to star in the "Follies" and judging from the capers she cut at the Prom, perhaps she may. Gladys also managed to store a few facts about English "Lit" in that wise old head of hers during her four years career. Maybe she will surprise us by writing the next big novel. Who knows? LaPorte, 1912.



PEARL M. BURFORD

"Hercules"

Here is the Senior Piano Annoyer. Without Pearl playing, an afternoon dance is like Grand Opera given by the inmates of a deaf and dumb institute. Pearl was the little girl who fooled the Juniors for the first time in the history of Emerson hunts. Favorite hymn, "What Do You Wanna Make Those Eyes at Me For?" Vandergrift, Pennsylvania, 1910.

Basketball '16, '17, '18.

Hockey.

Declamatory.

Chorus '16, '17.



HELEN BROWN

"Brownie"

Helen is our Business English Shark. We have a sneaking suspicion that she wrote the text book. Has a weakness for vaudeville and likes "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight". Chicago, Illinois, 1910.

Commercial Club.

Declamatory.

Chorus.

Senior Play.



ISADOR A. RUMAN
"Izzy"

The present representative in high school of the Ruman family is graced by the nickname "Izzy Human ? ? ? ! ! * ! ". During the hunt, Izzy was captured by the Juniors and taken into hostile territory but he pulled the "Pat O'Brian" escape act and got to the ice house in time to cure Ruth's headache. "All that worries me is —Someone else may be there when I'm gone". Chicago, 1908.

Football, '16, '17, '18.
Basketball '16, '17, '18.
Baseball '16, '17.
Senior Play.
Oratorical '15, '16, '17, '18.
Chorus '16, '17, '18.
Athletic Association '16.
Annual Board.

RUTH E. WEST
"Westy"

Rufe is our busy bee. Speaking of energy, radium is mere mud in comparison to her. Ruth is willing to try anything once and there are few experiences she hasn't gone through. She is of a fickle nature and has a different partner at every dance. Ruth is a good looking lassie and has caused more than one heart to throb among her classmates. "They go wild, simply wild, over me." Anderson, Indiana, gave a farewell in 1910.

Basketball.
Hockey.
Camp Fire.
Declamatory Prelims.
Treasurer '15.

RACHAEL KAHAN
"Rae"

An awful little lady with an awful big mind. Rachael was our representative at the State Discussion Contest. She can well be proud of her showing there. Her specialties are reading and acting, and she does such things you would never think such a tiny girl capable of. She is the first person to go from the kindergarten through high school and is a true product of the Wirt system. San Francisco, California, 1906.

Basketball.
Camp Fire.
Chorus '16, '17.
Hockey.
Oratorical '15, '16, '17.
Senior Play '15, '16, '18.
Orchestra '15, '16, '17.

SYLVIA TITTLE
"Sylv"

"It's the song ye sing and the smile ye wear
That's makin' the sunshine everywhere."

Sylv has been accused of being a cradle robber but we don't blame her a bit. Sylv, chairman of the standing "eats" committee, is active in all school activities and is an ardent Red Cross worker. If anyone from our class is ever injured on the battlefield, we hope Sylv will be there to attend him. Blew in from the "Windy City" in 1909.

Hockey.
Declamatory Prelims.
Class Secretary '16.
Camp Fire.



ELMER BEHN
"Murf"

Murf left Chicago and has been hanging around this neck of the woods since 1910. He is one of our consistent pluggers. Somehow, whenever we think of his name, we recall an ice house. Elmer is even a better host than he is a student and that's saying something.



IRENE CLARK
"Sweetie"

Irene is one who figures "Time spent in study is never lost". We don't hear much of her as she has the peculiar idea that high school is a place to learn. She has been with us for a long time and knows enough to stick with the best li'l ol' class in the world.

Commercial Club.
Chorus.



MARJORIE E. BOWERS

Marjorie is our salutatorian with an average higher than the highest for several years. She and Elizabeth got a corner on all the high grades in the school and divided them. We hear little of her in school which is a sure sign that we will hear more when she is out. We forgive her even though she did come from Hammond in 1910.

Camp Fire.
Annual Board.



DILLU LOYD

Dillu is a disciple of Tolstoi and it is said she got all the way through "Les Miserables". Dillu is another welcome newcomer to our class and with her hair fixed "a la Theda Bara" she is quite an attractive addition. Has Culver interests. Staff Artist. As she is going to Washington to school we shouldn't be surprised if she would marry a Senator. Morgantown, West Virginia, 1917.

G. W. R.



DEWEY E. JOHNSON

"Hot Dog"

"Pretzel" is one of our star basketball players and has made a very able captain. Has a weakness for candy and can be frequently seen at Woolworth's candy counter. Old "Hot Dog" never visits a new town but that he has a new girl when he comes home. "How do they do it?" Still sticks to his old favorite, "The Curse of an Aching Heart". Tomahawk, Wisconsin, 1776.

Basketball '15, '16, '17, Captain '18.

Track '17.

Baseball '15, '16, '17.

EVELYN VIZENAU

"Buzz"

Evelyn was too fast for us. Although sorry to leave us behind, she tore herself away and went off to College, promising to come back and at least go through the graduation exercises with us. Penbroke, Ontario, 1914.

Basketball.

Hockey.

Camp Fire.

Commercial Club.

HELEN H. HAYMAN

"Vamp" "Theda"

It was a bitter blow to Helen when Bill Wilson left but she has recovered slowly and lately has even been known to smile. It is probable that if Helen and Sylvia Tittle had stayed in school a year longer, they would have been rivals for the attentions of—a mere Sophomore, whose name is too trivial to mention. Chicago, Illinois, 1910.

"Gee, but you've got a pull in there."

Hockey.

Camp Fire.

Declamatory Prelims.

Commercial Club.

LAVALLA L. LAU

Every real class has some good scholars and Lavalla is one of ours. She doesn't get around and get acquainted but if you know her, you know she's a friend worth having. She infests the Commercial department and can often be seen with her head in a book figuring up a trial balance. Crown Point, Indiana, 1916.

Commercial Club.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President	Henry Hay
Vice-President	Raymond MacLennan
Secretary	Helen Lee
Treasurer	Harold Cogley
Treasurer	Lucille Harris
Athletic Association	Raymond MacLennan
Athletic Association	Jessie Bowen
Student Council	Curtis Coons
Student Council	Elizabeth Graff

CLASS COLORS—*Orange and Black.*

CLASS FLOWER—*Lilies of the Valley.*

CLASS MOTTO—*"Deeds Not Dreams"*

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY



WHEN we entered Old Emerson as eager, confident, Freshmen, we were the recipients of many anxious glances that were cast upon us by the upper classmen. For indeed, they then realized, as our records now prove, that we were to become their greatest rivals.

We had all the vigor and spirit of Freshmen, yet conscious of our heritage of loyalty and honor for Emerson, we pledged ourselves with utmost fidelity to the safe-keeping of this trust. Always have we remained true to our promise, never once allowing the banner, we so dearly love, to falter.

As Freshmen we were confronted by mountainous obstacles, which, to a class of less determination, would have been disastrous. We, however, so completely conquered them that we insured our standing among the other classes and were recognized by all as a class of sterling quality.

We have always taken a lead in all activities. Football first captured our interest and the excellent work and spirit of the '18 boys have always won high distinction. In track and baseball the boys have likewise excelled, repeatedly, displaying their wonderful ability.

It is in hockey and basketball that the girls have shone, for indeed they were long ago recognized as "ever present rivals".

In the contest chorus we have each year been represented by a goodly number, which helps to account for the cups won during our sojourn.

Even as Freshmen, our members displayed marked oratorical ability and at various times in the past four years have won honors. This year Emerson was very creditably represented by Seniors in the County Declamatory and State Discussion League.

Although our class as a whole has not taken an active part in social affairs, individual members have frequently entertained and always right royally.

In these activities and all others in which we have engaged, we have so diligently applied ourselves that we have won distinction in all, each year adding to our long record of honors.

And now, at the close of our Senior year, as we find ourselves richer in knowledge, experience, strength, confidence, and all else that Emerson has given us, we wish to renew our pledge of fidelity and may we always remain true to Emerson and do her honor.

With a thrill of pride, we now glance over the annals of our class, for so many are the glories and achievements there recorded, that we know the class of '18 is one of which Emerson may forever be proud.

—*Marjorie Bowers, '18.*

WHAT THE SENIOR CLASS IS THANKFUL FOR

Elmer Behn's ice house.
 Gladys Jones' modest (?) neck lines.
 Swartzie's extra pound.
 Dewey's little feet.
 Isay's rosy cheeks.
 Pearl's ability to play ragtime. (Just for Snyder's special pleasure).
 Cogley's French Course. (Savey Harold).
 Emil Krejci's long trousers.
 Floyd Wattles' decision to graduate with 1918. (So kind of you, Floyd).
 Sylvia's success in becoming a "colleen".
 Deac's pull with the Faculty in general, especially Mr. Spaulding.
 Lizzie Milgram's got a fellow.
 Dillu's "fluffy" hair.
 Marion Monroe's tender (?) loving (?) friendship (?) with Miss Nugent.
 Liebolt's rough ways—especially with the ladies.
 Paul Smith's girlish ways.
 Beany Swartz's dimples.
 The Coons boys' noisy, but entertaining ways.
 Jessie's Army shirt.
 Ruth Anderson's muscle.
 Virginia White's athletic figure.
 Baldy's loving faithfulness, even tho Kink used to worry him a little.
 Edith Bynon's "Paige". (Ask Suter).
 Maurice Goldstein's plaid cap.
 Helen Kidwell in the role of a "baby vamp".

Catherine Albright's attendance at all the parties and dances.
 Helen Brown's brisk (?) and hurried (?) walks to school.
 Suter's chivalry.
 Isay's ticklish spot.
 Hayman's smile.
 Lizzie Hammond's long arms.
 Gladys Phillips' slow, drawling speech.
 Rachael's liquid brown eyes.
 Myra Pierce's Camp Fire beads.
 Skinner's waywardness. (We wonder.....).
 Elizabeth Graff's low (???) grades.
 Doris Davidson: The living bank, and captivator of Sophs, also Culver pins.
 Paul Carlson's raven black (?) hair.
 Rundell's ability to agree (?) with everybody on any subject.
 Irene Clark's boisterous manner.
 Claude Hughes' not wearing short trousers.
 Harvey Evans' not sliding through his track suit.
 "Hen" Hay's plump, chubby, baby face, also his Culver "eddicashun".
 Lucile Harris' hair pins.
 Rose Ella Ralph's prima donna voice.
 Helen Lee's curly hair.
 Ruth West's short, chubby, chewed off finger nails. (??).
 That all this is Camouflage.
 Last but not least we *all* entertain hopes of *graduating*.
—Ruth West.

CLASS WILL

'Tis my painful duty that I must state,
Over this "Class Will"—I've sat up late,
And now—as I scribble this down in haste—
There isn't much time or space to waste—
I'll tell you briefly, if they let this pass,
What the Seniors will to the Junior Class.
And first, we leave our name to you,
Our hopes sincere and wishes too,
That you'll be loyal and will say,
"We'll do our best for the Gold and Gray".
To Bertram Davidson, with all the glory,
Gene Swartz leaves his skill in oratory—
"To Ashbury Harkness"—says Dewey J.—
"I'll leave that lovin' lil' way".
(Watch your step Louise)
To Claudia Isay, the Sophomore,
Weight is left by Miriam Swartz.
Frank Kendrick appreciates I presume,
Marjie B's reputation in the Latin room.
Pearl Burford, who "pounds those Ivories" in sooth,
Leaves her accomplishment to Miss Davis—Ruth.
Baldy, known for athletic fame,
Gives to "Beany" the chance to win that name.
While Rundell, our jolly English "shark",
Leaves this gift to some brainy Junior—but hark,
Methinks I hear our Milton say—
"I'll leave my pull to Harold Smith,
With Mrs. Childs that won't go amiss—

It worked for me—anyway".
"Westy" and Marion and several more,
Leave their dancing to Ruth Wolf and Mildred Feuer.
Elizabeth Hammond,—Irene and Lucille,
Have won many honors in the basketball field—
So these hand over, tho they hate to leave them,
Their honors to May Uhl, Lois and Bessie Friedman.
"Rae" Kahn, you all know *her* I presume,
Leaves her little mirror (in Granpa's room)
To some vain Junior girl—but wait,
Here's a boy who *never* gets in late, (ask Ruth!)
"Izzy" Ruman—who doesn't like to dance,
Advises Art O'Hara to learn if he gets the chance.
Our stately Catherine, loved by all,
Leaves her envied place to "Jerry" next fall.
Doris Dean Davidson leaves to each one,
Her receipt for happiness and for fun.
From Jessie Bowen that girl with "pep",
Is left to Grace Philips, a "good scout 'rep".
And Dillu Loyd, who never talks,
Wills her quiet tones to Ruby Scott.
Flo Hemingway, our experienced Theda,
Leaves her skill to some Freshman,
Oh! Well, they need it!
Our Helen Kidwell, who's full of fun,
Leaves a lock of hair to Joe Jacobson.
John Suter sighs when we speak of wills,
And says, "My appetite's with me still".

Clayton Underwood, as everyone knows,
Leaves for Laurence Tittle a new suit of clothes.
(With long trousers)
"Jonesy" is stingy—she refuses to give,
Says my all is Baldy—without him I can't live.
And Curtis Coons, whose tongue never is at rest,
Leaves his talkative nature to Lester Dubetz.
Sylvia Tittle, the girl with "the smile",

Bequeaths a good disposition to Eva Sprowls.
There are many others, I must state,
Who claim attention, but it's late,
And I am burning the midnight oil,
Which is very good, complexions to spoil,
So the rest leave just their love to all,
And the name of the Seniors to enjoy next fall.

—Elizabeth Graff, '18.

IN 1935



GARY! Gary! shouted the porter of the great passenger aeroplane—Gary! It was one of those world-famed "Issy Ruman" aeroplanes and what was more, the famous inventor himself was at the wheel. I might mention the fact that Issy was the sole owner of one of the largest lines of airships in the world, and was living happily in New York with his pretty wife, Ruth West.

The city was far, far below, and the view was magnificent! So this was the town where I had spent my school days! The town had grown into a magnificent metropolis with skyscrapers and churches and spires almost hidden among the clouds. It was more than fifteen years since I had left its golden dunes of sand—goodness—doesn't the time fly? I had left dear old Emerson shortly after having graduated in 1918.

The plane sailed slowly downward and alighted at the Lake Shore station. When he were stepping out, there was a great commotion and I noticed that the five-fifteen had with it the President's private car. It seems he stopped off in Gary on a tour to the West. He was giving a short speech and, thinking his voice sounded familiar, I called a porter and questioned him about the man. He informed me that he was an old resident of Gary, a certain Curtis Coons. Being a bit doubtful, I sent in my card, just to find out if this person of note really were Curtis. Sure enough it was no other, so we decided to go to dinner together and talk over old times.

As we were walking toward the line of coaches bound for down town, one of the coachmen seemed to attract my attention. He was dressed in a livery which gave him an air of distinction. I asked Curtis if he recognized him. "Why, that's Vernon Smith," he said. Could it be possible that Ver-

non had grown into such a fine looking man? I asked Vernon why he had not carried on the grocery business as he had intended. He blushed slightly and informed me that he loved Marion Monroe very much and hoped some day, if her heart would ever soften, to wed her. I nearly fell over, because I knew Marion had given up her life to the study of psychology and made up her mind to be an old maid.

I asked Deak where we were and he told me we were on Fifth and Broadway.

"Then that must be the Gary State Bank?" Deak said that it was and that Henry had stepped into his father's shoes and was a very successful banker. I asked him if he had married.

"Why, haven't you heard? He and Dillu Loyd eloped". I was overcome. It was a great strain on me as one can easily imagine—but I soon collected my thoughts and asked about Catherine Albright.

"Albright—no such name now. It was changed to Liebolt long ago." I was not surprised at this as I remembered how Harris' eyes used to rest on fair Catherine in English IV.

When we arrived at the Gary Hotel, where we were to eat dinner—the first person I met was Lucille Harris. She and her husband, Harold Peterson, had been doing a successful business there for many years and were enjoying the bliss of married life. Lucille was overjoyed to see me—and so we naturally talked over old times at dear old Emerson. Lucille told us that on Mr. Spaulding's resignation, John Suter had become principal.

"Well," I exclaimed, "it does me good to see one mount to the top that way".

"Yes," said Harold, "and Elizabeth Graff has accepted

a position as the head Latin teacher, and Marjorie Bowers has usurped Mr. Hogg's place in the Geometry room. Floyd Wattles is teaching at the Froebel, with Doris Davidson as girls' physical director".

Just then a newsboy came in crying, "Gary Evening Times and Tribune!" We bought a Tribune and there on the front page appeared: New York City, Rachael Kahn, the second Sarah Bernhardt, formerly of Gary, Indiana, and a graduate of Emerson class of '18, will appear in the drama, "Her Second Husband."

"Well, well, that's surprising, but Rae always was wonderful when it came to anything in that line."

Curtis read on: "A big recital given at the Gary Theatre, tonight by The American Musical Company. Those appearing are: Elizabeth Hammond, world's greatest violinist; Paul Smith, whose voice has taken the country by storm; Helen Brown, a beautiful soprano singer, who has surpassed Melba; Florence Hemingway, a warbler; and Ruth Anderson, a pianist, who is the rival of Paderewski.

"Why, everyone of them are of our class of '18—Yes sir, our old footlight stars."

As it was getting rather late and Curtis had to make a train, we departed.

The next morning, I decided to go over to the library. It had remained about the same, except for a few modifications. Upon entering, who should I see but Irene Spiker who was now chief librarian, with Irma Stephens as her assistant.

As I talked, a large portrait attracted my attention, and upon examining it more closely, found that it had been painted by Elmer Behn—Irene told me if I walked into the other room I would see another. I did so and on entering, I lifted my wondering eyes to behold the face of Mr. Spaulding, with

the initials E. S. in one corner of the picture—Eugene Swartz. Well, will wonders never cease.

As I gazed about the shelves, I noticed the name of Rundell Wood on several volumes. Irene informed me that he had certainly gained great renown for these wonderful works. "Runt" was dead now but his memory still lived. People from all over the world came to visit his old home. Tears flowed freely and splashed upon the floor as I heard this.

I asked what had become of Rose Ella Ralph. "Why, she's a designer and has been in Paris since the war." I was glad to hear this, for I knew that that had been Rosella's one ambition.

Irene told me that Harold Cogley had gone off on some expedition to find the Equator, for he said he simply had to do something to have his name in the annals of history. You know Harold always did have a peculiar love for history. It surely seemed splendid that one of our classmates should attempt such an undertaking and yet, there was a sad side to the whole affair:—for, would you believe it, gentle readers, Gladys Philips had gone off to Australia broken hearted. She began a search for some kind of a geranium leaf which, I think, when worn over the heart had some peculiar effect. Produced mental telepathy or something of that sort.

Irene Clark had long been the recognized belle of Gary: yet I had always been confident that Irene would sometime make us sit up and take notice.

It was almost noon, so I went out to lunch, and in the evening Irene and I went to the Orpheum to see Milton's famous tragedy on "What Evil Men Do". I had never been fortunate enough to see any of his plays and was burning with the desire to do so. We boarded an elevated and on the way,

Irene told me what she knew of some of the other members of '18.

It seems that Ansel Coons and Myra Pierce had settled down peacefully in Merrville. They said she married him to get rid of him and they got along fairly well. She allowed him fifty cents a week.

Virginia White had left the wicked city and gone to a quiet little country home where she walked the straight and narrow path which was her choice.

Irene told me that Raymond MacLennan was a heavy stockholder in the "Mutual Girl Corporation". It had been reported that "Baldy" was engaged to Gladys Jones, but for some reason, I guess because looks were such a fascination for "Jonesy", they drifted apart and she married an English duke and lived in England.

Edith Bynon had established a little boarding-house in a quiet neighborhood and was living peacefully with her cat and parrot. She never did fancy men!

Helen Kidwell had gained renown through her toe dancing. She and Harold Skinner were thinking of sharing life's blessings together.

Irene told me something interesting, how an accident had resulted in marriage. It seems that Dewey Johnson, while touring, was hurt in a collision. He was taken to the Mercy Hospital, where he was under the care of Miss Jessie Bowen, a nurse. It was the same old story of love at first sight. They are married now. I was quite overcome because Dewey used to be fascinated by a certain '17 girl, and Jessie was thought to have changed her name to Baker. But you never can tell!

I asked about Paul Carlson, Irene told me that he had established a glue factory at Miller, thereby enhancing the attraction that had been there in the good old days. I inquired

about Edith Strom of course, and was told that she had married a small professor out there. She always was a wayward child.

We had not more than stepped from the elevated, when a man in a preacher's garb approached. I extended my hand to him and said, "How do you do, Rev. Evans?" He told us he had just finished marrying a couple.

You could never guess who it was so I'll tell you. It was Miriam Swartz and Claude Hughes. He said, she at last accepted him after long years of waiting. They were going to reside on a farm which was in a very beautiful and quiet nook, with all conveniences of chicken-raising.

We asked if he knew anything of Maurice Goldstein. Harvey said he did and that Maurice was desperate because of a disappointment in love. For the twentieth time Elizabeth Milgram had refused him, and several times already he had almost wafted himself into eternity.

Sylvia Tittle had been engaged to some Irishman or other, but the engagement was broken off when "Sylv" found that he told someone that she dyed her hair. She had no faith in men after that.

Helen Hayman had married someone from Whiting. They had gone to Hawaii and no one had heard of or seen them since. Sad story!

Emil Krejci had made good in the business world. It surely was great to see how that lad had climbed to the top.

By this time we were at the Orpheum. The first act had begun, and there in the middle of the stage was the leading lady screeching at the top of her voice. Glancing at my program I discovered that this was Pearl Burford, once upon a time the despair of the class of 1918. There was a fine orchestra which I noticed was being led by Ramsey Eversoll. As yet, he had not fallen into the realms of matrimony, but as I said before—you never can tell!

After the performance, we edged our way through the crowd and congratulated Pearl on her wonderful ability. We then returned home, not to sleep peacefully, but to dream wildly of the most wonderful class in the world, the class of 1918.

—H. Lee.

JUNIORS



ASHBURY J. HARKNESS
 "Ashbucket"
 Football '17, '18.
 Class Basketball '16.
 Tennis.
 Class President.
 Oratorical Prelims.

EVA L. SPROWLS
 "Skinny"
 Camp Fire.
 Class Treasurer.

ARTHUR J. O'HARA
 "Art"
 Football Squad '17, '18.
 Track.
 Class Basketball '17, '18.
 Class Baseball.
 Oratorical Prelims.
 Annual Board.
 Athletic Association Vice-Pres.
 Class Secretary.

HAZEL A. ERLANDSON
 "Boots"
 Camp Fire.
 Declamatory Prelims.



RUTH E. WOLF
 "Woof"
 Hockey.
 Camp Fire.
 Declamatory Prelims.
 Class Secretary.
 Chorus.

DONALD A. McARTHUR
 "Mickie"
 Track '17, '18.
 Class Baseball.
 Representative at Lake County
 Oratorical.
 Annual Board.
 Class Treasurer.

BESSY E. FRIEDMAN
 "Red"
 Basketball.
 Hockey.
 Camp Fire.
 Commercial Club.
 Athletic Association

FRANK M. KELSO
 Oratorical Prelims.
 Student Council.

HAROLD J. HARRIS

"Beany"

Football.
Basketball '16, '17, '18.
Track.
Baseball '16, '17.
Class Baseball.
Class Treasurer '16, '17.
Athletic Association '16, '17.



LOIS C. HUTCHINS

"Hutchie"

Basketball.
Hockey.
Camp Fire.
Declamatory Prelims.

ALLEGRA NESBIT

"Nez"

Camp Fire.
Chorus.
Representative at Northern Indiana Declamatory.
Lake County, '17.



JOSEPH J. JACOBSON

"Joe"

Oratorical.
Chorus.

HERBERT L. PLOWMAN

"Herbie Who"

Class Baseball.
Oratorical Prelims.



MILDRED D. FREEBURG

"Shrimp"

Basketball.
Hockey.
Camp Fire.
Declamatory Prelims.

MILDRED V. FEUER

"Mickey"

Camp Fire.
Declamatory Prelims.



OSCAR D. STROM

"Okky"

Football Squad.

BERTRAM E. DAVIDSON
 "Bert"
 Class Basketball '17.
 Oratorical Prelims.
 Track.

MAY C. UHL
 "Mazie"
 Basketball.
 Hockey.
 Camp Fire.
 Declamatory Prelims.
 Athletic Association.

FRANK J. KENDRICK

MILDRED A. BLACHLY
 "Madge"
 Commercial Club.



THELMA FENSTERMACHER
 "Billie"
 Commercial Club.

ADELBERT J. VERPLANK
 Class Football.
 Oratorical Prelims.
 Chorus.

MAY E. DONNELLY
 "Buzzer"
 Hockey.
 Declamatory Prelims.
 Camp Fire.

LESTER DUBETZ
 "Two Bits"
 Oratorical Prelims.

ROBERT C. FREISE
"Bob"
Class Basketball '17.



MARY STACK
"Toots"
Commercial Club.



FLORENCE A. BERNSTEIN
"Toots"
Camp Fire.
Declamatory.
Basketball.
Commercial Club.



BERNIE E. DAVIS
"Bee"
Basketball.
Hockey.
Camp Fire.



CARL H. JOHNSON
"Swede"
Football Squad '16, '18.
Basketball Squad '16, '18.
Track.
Baseball '16.
Oratorical Prelims.



CLEMENTINE WILSON



GERTRUDE SPROUL
"Gertie"
Commercial Club.



HAROLD HEILSTADT
"Heilie"
Basketball Squad.
Class Basketball.
Baseball '17.



JESSIE KLINEDORF
Hockey.
Camp Fire.
Declamatory Prelims.

GEORGE W. STROM
Oratorical Prelims.
Commercial Club.



RUTH K. DAVIS
"Rufus"
Basketball.
Hockey.
Camp Fire.
Declamatory Prelims.

LAWRENCE F. TITTLE
"Homunculus"
Basketball Squad.
Class Basketball '17, '18.
Class Baseball.
Oratorical Prelims.
Band.

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY



WE RETURNED to school last fall, full of "pep" and set out to show the under classmen their place. Our class numbered two score and ten and with this comfortable number we started to "do" things.

At our first class meeting the esteemed Ashbury Harkness was elected President. Of course he promised to do his "durndest" and he certainly has. The new member of our class, William Denton, was chosen for Vice-President, but owing to Mr. Harkness' faithfulness he has had very few chances to show his ability. Our curly headed member, Ruth Wolf, was elected Secretary and with her talent for writing she has proven very able.

It was decided that the best course to take would be to have two treasurers, as some of our young men are bashful, not saying anything about the ladies, of course. These two were chosen with great care and named as Eva Sprowls and Donald McArthur.

As the Student Council is a very important feature in the Gary system we couldn't afford to leave it out. We kindly, but firmly told Hazel Erlandson and Frank Kelso that it was their duty to the Junior Class to represent us, and since it had been put up to them in such a manner they could not very well refuse.

Next came the Athletic Association. As it is also very important we could not pick and choose in a reckless manner.

After much pondering we elected Arthur O'Hara and Bessie Friedman, our two "red heads".

With these officers we felt that we would be able to "weather all sorts of storms".

Mr. Spaulding evidently lost all patience with us for we tried in every manner to cause some excitement but we were always "foiled". Finally he became distracted and consented to our entertaining the other classes at a masquerade ball. There were a great many who did not turn out but regretted it for the party was a huge success and those who attended had a fine time.

Because of the war we were not inclined to entertain the high school with any elaborate parties until the prom.

Football! We surely were on the road to success. Three of our finest men had been chosen for the team. Kelly, Beany and Ash. We surely were getting bigheaded. They were all great successes in the football line.

But what about the girls? Our girls have not only proven a great inspiration, but by their spirit and willingness manifested in many ways, have proven themselves true Emersonions. We never could get along without them.

Next comes Basketball. The only star we could boast of on the Varsity team was our all-around sport, Beany. A number of our members made the second team—Lawrence Tittle and Floyd Kellstrom. While the boys were doing their

bit the girls were showing what kind of stuff they were made of. Those fortunate enough to make the team were:

Mildred Freeburg	Center
Geraldine Holliday	2nd Center
Berniel Davis	Forward
Florence Bernstein	Forward
Bessy Friedman	Forward
Grace Philips	Forward
May Uhl	Forward
Ruth Davis	Guard
Lois Hutchins	Guard

Under the leadership of Lois Hutchins the team was very successful and succeeded in giving the Seniors one good wallowing, more than any other team has been able to do.

Our class seemed to have some sort of a guiding spirit for in the Oratorical Contest, Allegra Nesbit came in first. She had the honor of going to LaPorte to try for the Northern Indiana Contest and came home with flying colors. She received first place there.

Donald McArthur received second place in the boys' contest thereby moving our self esteem up several notches. By this time we were so far up in the air that we would have gotten a hard bump had we suddenly come down. However the fall was not yet.

We were fortunate enough to have some good sprinters in our class, Mickie McArthur, Swede Johnson, Art O'Hara, and Beany. They helped win first place in the Lake County track meet and showed up well in the Northern Indiana meet.

For the first time in the school's history, shame upon us,

the Juniors failed to find the Seniors, in the annual hunt. The day of the hunt was one of the most exciting in our history. There was much running about, hurried conferences and whispered consultations. That evening, a group of Junior girls were walking quietly along Seventh Avenue when out of a clear sky dropped two Seniors. They were immediately captured and locked in Freeburg's basement. This was not accomplished without a struggle on the part of the Seniors, however, when seven o'clock arrived we all met at the appointed place. After much deliberation we hired a truck to carry us around town. It seemed that we went every place but the right one. We had a "hunch" that they were hiding in Merrville, so—we went out there. We were about half way there when we met Laurence Tittle in his car, and learned that they were not in Merrville, as he had just been there. We then went to Miller but found no Seniors. Finally, we gave up in despair and went where we had no idea they would be—to Behn's at Clark Road. But alas! it was nine thirty-five, five minutes too late and—well we had to give them a beach party.

The prom—this word causes a great deal of excitement in the High School. It was held at the Commercial Club on May 31st, as proms usually are. The prom usually marks the end of the high school year and such was the case with us.

And now we look back over the past year with satisfaction in knowing that we have done our duty as Juniors. But we are also looking ahead toward the things we are going to do in our last year, with the material we know we have in our class.

Soph's



A wise
fool.

Hen
Hay



SOPHOMORE CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

President, Edwin Smith	Vice-President, Margaret Wood
Secretary, Marjorie Hall	Treasurer, Maurice Friedman

Dorothy Davis	Malvina Onson	Samuel Reck	Nickie Schoon
Emil Bowman	Edward Nelson	Ralph Taylor	Florence Anderson
Geraldine Holliday	Adelbert Verplank	Edward Wilson	Esther Anderson
Gilbert Greenberg	Margaret Wood	Hazel Papka	Madge Fogler
Floyd Kellstrom	Renner Stimson	Viola Ottoson	Helen Jones
Floret Ohrenstein	William O'Brien	Anna Mages	Harmon Ward
George Staab	Lucille Young	Dagmar Brink	Ellen Strom
Raymond Tittle	Jerome Pycha	Enid Holmes	Claudia Isay
Lillian Westergreen	Ardath Ralph	Dorothy Greenwald	Jennie Cole
Ruth Comer	Glenn Rearick	Martha Hammond	Mary Stack
Helen Sayles	Ethel Larson	Roger Egeberg	Laurence Tittle
Ruth Davis	Dorothy McLouth	Hermine Alschuler	Erma Stephens
Maurice Friedman	Louis Rappeport	Esther Mathews	Bernard Stack
Bertram Davidson	Louise Wood	Rees Emerick	Margaret Tullock
Theodore Johnson	Walter Fenstermacher	Gladys Hancock	Clementine Wilson
Alice Heintz	Dolores Bierwagon	Francis Heydorn	Etta Weber
Harold Smith	Jean Davidson	Roswell Johnson	Olive Surman
Mary O'Hara	George Dunleavy	Fern Kyle	Robert O'Connor
Ruby Lemley	Kathryn Witwer	Clara Hogan	Helen Sinclair
Bernice Stearman	Henry Green	Helen Lemley	Mercedes Bost
Helen Haas	Eda Murray	Arthur Sawyer	Zoe Lester
Carl Johnson	Gladys Smyth	Lois Wise	

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY



LAST year we assembled, unsophisticated little Freshies, to form one of the largest Freshmen classes in the history of the school. Determined to succeed, we soon won the reputation of being conscientious students and staunch supporters of old Emerson.

As Sophomores, we have shown that the limit of our ability was not reached last year, for we have surpassed our former record.

Having great confidence in Edwin Smith's executive ability, we chose him class president. Margaret Wood was elected vice-president; Marjorie Hall, secretary. Maurice Friedman was elected treasurer.

The honor of representing the Sophomore class in the Student Council fell to the lot of Dorothy Greenwald and Harmon Ward. Believing that we would be best represented in the Athletic Association by our athletes, we chose Gladys Hancock and George Dunleavy as the Sophomore members.

It is most interesting, (especially to Sophomores) to hear of the laurels won by George Dunleavy. One of our most brilliant football and basketball stars, he has also shown his ability by winning the gold medal awarded in the Lake County track meet. Harmon Ward and Edwin Smith also carried off honors in athletics.

The members of the Sophomore girls basketball team showed their opinion of Gladys Hancock's playing by choosing her captain. Each girl on the team displayed great ability. Mary O'Hara played exceptionally well and was considered one of the stars of the team.

Sophomores have shown their school spirit by turning out

to root for Emerson at all football and basketball games, and track meets. Mass meetings and similar gatherings have been well attended by them.

Among the Sophomore girls who were chosen to speak in the preliminary oratorical contest, were Claudia Isay, Ruth Comer, Louise Wood, and Bernice Wilson. Edwin Smith, Francis Heydorn and Harmon Ward were among the boys who spoke in the preliminary contest. We were greatly elated over the fact that Edwin Smith was chosen to represent Emerson in the Northern Indiana Oratorical Contest.

Mr. Snyder has shown what he thinks of our voices by selecting a number of Sophomores to sing in the Chorus, which won first place in the choral contest. A few Sophomores have gone over to Jefferson School every Monday evening to practice in the Liberty Chorus.

Most of the Sophomore girls have enrolled in the Girls Working Reserve of Emerson and have been sewing and knitting busily since it was organized.

We have not taken a prominent part in social affairs, although we have given several dances. One was given in honor of the dignified (?) Seniors. This time, it was a case of "the fewer the merrier", for not many students attended.

That we have not neglected our studies is manifested by the attitude of our teachers, who are enthusiastic about their Sophomore classes.

As we look back over the past two years, we feel certain that the determination to succeed, which has permeated our work, will be an important factor in making the Senior Class of 1919 one of which Emerson will be proud.

—Dorothy Greenwald.



FRESHMEN

Fifty-three



Fifty-four

Abell, Lambert,
 Aptekan, Thelma
 Athey, Haertter
 Aldrich, Sandford
 Altenhof, Karl
 Anderson, Edna
 Anderson, Holger
 Andrews, Fred
 Brower, Russel
 Blake, Ethel
 Beerman, Gertrude
 Benner, Flora
 Black, Hannah
 Brown, Mildred
 Bakeman, Floyd
 Barber, Clye
 Bradfield, Dorothy
 Burke, Kenneth
 Burgess, Lucille
 Breese, Elceretta
 Burgess, Vera
 Carr, Inez
 Conroy, Sylcerter
 Carlson, Clinton
 Carpenter, Stanley
 Crawford, Sherman
 Carr, Homer
 Chase, Virginia
 Chavkin, Esther
 Clemens, Kenneth
 Caster, Beatrice

Coover, Loyd
 Cripe, Helen
 Choisser, Flodine
 Chase, Warren
 Dingler, Mary
 Duranlean, Emerald
 Donovan, Edward
 Durkin, John
 Dykeman, Donald
 Eibel, Myrtle
 Erlandson, Goodell
 English, Harper
 Evans, Isabelle
 Eggert, Nellie
 Feder, Mortimer
 Foster, Benard
 Feuer, Adrian
 Faherty, Rosemary
 Ferris, Lynn
 Finkelstine, Hymen
 Green, Anna
 Gross, Jeroma
 Glaser, Marguerite
 Gile, Harold
 Gale, Marion
 Gale, Margaret
 Golden, Carl
 Gilchrest, Florence
 Grand, Adolph
 Gannon, Charles
 Geldhous, Jesse

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

Henderson, Guy
 Harmen, Bernard
 Hutson, Georgia
 Hile, Ward
 Highwood, Donald
 Heldon, Karl
 Harkness, Linda
 Hauprich, Helen
 Hogan, Louise
 Hollowell, Dorothy
 Harris, Bessie
 Hanlan, Mike
 Hayman, Lillian
 Hughes, Elizabeth
 Honoroff, Sam
 Hackmaster, LeVerne
 Ingram, Lester
 Jamison, Mildred
 Johnson, Anna
 Jarabeck, Martin
 Jones, Edna
 Kunert, Florence
 Kelso, George
 Kane, Katherine
 Klein, Helen
 Kruger, Clarence
 Kimmey, Dorothy
 Kerr, George
 Likens, Iva
 Landrigan, Ruth
 Loyd, Billie

Myers, Randos
 McMullen, Gladys
 Melteer, Nellie
 Martinson, Erma
 Mountain, Dorothy
 Mascher, Harold
 Nygaard, George
 Neff, Margaret
 Nusbaum, Merrill
 Osman, Nellie
 Peterson, Annette
 Pockmire, Helen
 Peterson, Jennie
 Poxon, Marietta
 Percival, George
 Pendelton, William
 Quinlan, Frank
 Rockwell, Eleanor
 Reck, Dickson
 Robertson, Howard
 Romel, Liella
 Rapoport, Arthur
 Swiger, Ellen
 Sabinshi, Elsie
 Sproull, Helen
 Steadman, Katherine
 Sibley, Frank
 Sibley, Ross
 St. Clair, Joseph
 Shellhouse, Mike
 Sweimler, Myrtle

Sweimler, Myrtle
 Sering, Frank
 Solomann, Fred
 Steiner, Harry
 Street, Fermont
 Smith, Estella
 Smith, Charlotte
 Shirey, Pearl
 Sinclair, Helen
 Tuff, William
 Turnipseed, Louise
 Tucker, Marjorie
 Taylor, Martha
 Taylor, Stewart
 Todd, Dorothy
 Travers, Arthur
 Thornburg, Nadine
 Udell, John
 Voight, Alma
 Vullman, Fred
 Weigel, Victor
 Wood, William
 Watson, Eleanor
 Wright, Elizabeth
 White, Mary Elizabeth
 Wilson, Eva
 Wood, Alvin
 Winter, Audrey
 Wilson, Bernice
 Young, Rex
 Yoder, Marguerite

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY



THE Class of '21 held their first meeting October 19, 1917. Mr. Spaulding gave an excellent talk and a good deal of important advice.

At our second meeting the election of officers took place. The officers elected were: President, Frank Quinlan; Vice-President, Ross Sibley; Secretary, Louise Turnipseed; Treasurer, —————; Boys' Athletic Representative, Frank Sibley; Girls' Athletic Representative, Louise Hogan; Boys' Student Council Representative, Michael Hanlan; Girls' Student Council Representative, Helen Hauprich.

At the next meeting held, there was a little business talked over, also the election of our representatives for the Student Council.

There were no social events held by the Freshmen, as only a few knew how to dance.

A number of Freshmen entered the Oratorical Contest and George Kelso won first place among them.

The Standard is a paper put out every week each year by the Freshmen English classes. This year there have been some very good copies published by all the classes.

This paper contains all the news and doings of the school. The classes take turns in publishing the paper and they elect an editor-in-chief, assistant editor, news editor, and athletic ed-

itor for the staff. The Standard is printed by the school print shop.

ATHLETICS

The Freshmen came out at the beginning of the year in good form. Many of the boys came out and worked hard for a winning football team. The first game was played with the Froebel Freshies and Sophomores. Of course the Emerson Freshmen won easily in this game. The Freshman team made a record of five out of six games. The Freshmen played a few games with the "Sophs", but lost although they gave them some hard competition. A couple of the Freshmen boys made the second team.

During basketball season the Freshmen turned out in the same spirit as football although they did not show up very well in the class games. Four succeeded in making the second team.

In baseball, the Freshmen, by hard work defeated the Froebel High School team four times, and turned out second in the Class League.

Four men turned out for Track, no one succeeded in getting on the team except Hyman Finkelstein, who became the Emerson five mile runner.



Paula Layth, 15

LITERARY

Fifty-seven

GARY'S SON



HE doors of hell had seemingly opened upon the American lines. The great guns belched forth their deadly fire, jarring the earth; the shells flashed and roared, the machine guns did their deadly work—and above hovered the enemy planes like great birds of prey. For days the lines had been drawn up, ready for action—expecting any moment the terrible onslaught which the enemy had now actually launched.

Almost at the sound of the first shell, Tom Craig, private, tall and broad shouldered, jumped up from his position in a dugout where he had been resting, and was ready for action. Soon the command came that in about an hour the attempt would be made to go over the top in the face of the awful fire. Tom was not a coward—he did not quail when he heard the command, but he did think. Home is the first picture that usually comes to men's minds at such a time—and this proved true in Tom's case. He thought of his mother in far away Gary—the "wonder of the middle west"—he thought of his host of friends—the dear old comrades in Emerson, especially those of the class of '18—his class—but the sharp command of a superior officer forced upon him the grim reality of war. A time of bustling and preparation followed and then all was in readiness—the men waited with tense faces, gripping their guns and bayonets firmly, until "zero hour".

Then came the command—there was a rush, madly and determinedly into the inferno. Comrades pierced by shells, overcome by gas or mowed down by the bayonets of the Huns,

dropped about Tom. Blindly he stumbled on—there were only a few men left now—but ahead he saw the starry flag, its colors burning themselves into his brain—he must go on, he must follow that flag even though it led him through a thousand hells. An encouraging word from an officer near by brought him to a realization of his position. With their ranks thinned, the Americans, though fighting bravely and inflicting many losses, were gradually being overpowered—their guns protecting them in their fire, were flashing challenges to those in the German lines—and even seemed to have somewhat checked the fierceness of the attack, but the Americans were desperately in need of men.

"If we could only get reinforcements," the speaker was the same officer, who with a haggard face was manfully rallying his men. If we could—we'd capture this sector yet. Those Huns are cowards—see, they can only fight when they have been massed together—".

But Tom Craig never heard the rest of the sentence, for he had decided to go back for reinforcements.

At this moment they had neared a kind of thicket, and in this Tom managed to lose himself for a time to evade any stray German who might be watching him. At the opportune time, he dashed out into the open. The first line trenches were about 500 yards distant—if he was to succeed he must reach these. How he covered the first half of that distance he did not know, half frenzied by the terrible shock of battle, but blindly obeying some impulse which seemed

to spur him to do the thing, he stumbled on. Soon he became aware that he was wounded in the arm—probably by some lurking Hun—but that did not matter—he was doing this for Home, for Mother, for America, for Gary! Could he reach the lines—it seemed impossible but no! nothing is impossible for him who wills. On he went, gritting his teeth, suffering from severe wounds—but never tiring in his efforts. He was almost exhausted when he reached the line—and was only able to gasp out “Men”, but that was enough.

A few hours later, Tom awoke as from a deep sleep. He looked about and suddenly remembered. “Did you send them?” he asked weakly.

“Yes, old man”—Those words and the sorrowful look in the eyes of his comrade, Bill, who was with him in the dugout confirmed Tom’s fears; he was mortally wounded. He realized this when he tried to sit up—he sank back with a sigh. His eyes were closed for some time—then they opened and he gripped the hand of his comrade. “Tell them back in Gary, Bill,—that’s your home too, that I did my best—tell them it was for them, for America—God—and Gary.” Democracy had added another star to her Honor Roll.

—Elizabeth Graff, '18.

ALMA MATER

Listen, my readers and you shall hear
A song of praise, to our school so dear.
From its early youth, 'till now, when grown,
Its deeds of might, on wings of fame have flown.

Once in Egypt on the banks of the Nile,
I sat 'side a pyramid, to rest for a while.
When suddenly, from the desert, so long and wide
Came wandering Arabs, who on Camels did ride.

The chief, an old and learned man,
Approached me smiling with outstretched hand,
Greeted me reverently as he drew nigh,
For he knew that I hailed from Emerson High.

And so, no matter where you may stray,
If you'll observe what others say,
You'll notice, the school you love so well
Is known and talked of where'er men dwell.

—Hughes.

A HERO



ALL the world is in mourning—grieving for her slain men. For years to come, all the poetry, songs and novels of the world will relate of this present war. They will be written lauding certain brave men, in order, in a measure, to atone for the anguish suffered for their loss. My story is of one for whom no songs will be sung, no flags lowered, or no guns fired; he died as hundreds, millions of others have died, alone and unknown, yet none the less a hero.

With the first call for volunteers, Harold Hodges left college and joined a training camp for the engineering corps. Here with his other classmates, he worked hard, going to bed at night so tired he scarcely realized the situation. He was happy, contented with himself, and vitally alive.

Then came the last furlough, only a few hours. The training was over, in a week he would be actually practicing what he had learned.

He spent those last hours in his home town, down in Virginia with his parents and Helen. Something of a hero, to be sure, he strutted down the main street. When his father saw him, he eyed his khaki-clad six-foot of son appraisingly. The Hodges always had done their duty to defend their country's rights and even if Harold were going to France, everyone said the American troops were guarded as if wrapped in cotton. His mother, too, imbibed some of her husband's optimism,—with the same look in her eyes, however as she had had when as a child, her father and brother rode off to defend the South.

"Gosh, of course she worries," Harold remarked to Helen, "but then she has worried about me all my life. From the time I decided I was too big to wear overshoes, until now. Why last winter, she decided she'd wire me every day until I'd put on my winter flannels."

But Helen looked at him with a poignant sadness in her eyes. For they loved each other with the most beautiful love in all the world. It was the last night. They sat under the stately columns in front of Helen's home, and as he looked down at the village he said, "Don't worry, little girl;—why child, you don't realize how it is. I never felt so glad I was alive, and all the fellows are thrilled to death. Yes, thrilled. We're going for our country, for our flag, for the right thing. You can't understand what a down-right cad I'd be if I weren't going—and it'll only be for a little while sweetheart".

"Yes, I know, I know," she murmured. "I want you to go. I know I'd never have any use for you if you didn't go,—but—Harold it's terrible; the suffering, the agony of it all. But surely God will send you back.

* * * * *

It was seven months later. The sun, blinding, scorching, maddening, blazed down pitilessly on the field, strewn with bodies. Most of them were still—the bomb had done its work well. Perhaps a hundred of them—all young men—scarcely more than boys, had met their death. Here was Harold. It would have been impossible to recognize him—

dirty, unkept, haggard; with a three weeks' beard—the exact opposite of that upright, immaculate, first lieutenant who sat with Helen, under the Virginia moon. He was dying—he knew he was dying.

Ah—if he only had some water. He was tired—oh, so tired. He wondered what Helen and his mother were doing. He laughed hoarsely—the sound grated on his ear. He had said it was sport—it was hell—that's what it was. He was glad he was dying—he couldn't marry Helen, if he lived, a cripple—this arm would never heal and his whole side was torn. Yes, death would come—he had seen the same thing too often before.

He had done his duty. He was glad, as he knew she

would be. He had died defending his country and his flag—a true son of his fathers. And they had gotten that road through too. Surely in this last drive the enemy had been driven back. He had seen the German aeroplane in the distance, but it was too late—they had already been sighted. Gad! It was a shame—gone—and he himself was going—but they had done their duty and they knew it.

If it only weren't for Helen and his Mother and Dad, but suddenly, stealthily, a great peace stole over him.

He was dying for the right. He saw in his mind's eye his flag—the flag that stood for democracy, freedom and happiness—the flag for which he had given his life—and he was happy.

—Dillu Loyd, '18.

TO THE BELGIANS

Belgians! The martyrs of Freedom.
No words can express their true worth;
Scorning to slave for the Kaiser,
Honor with ruin they chose,
Bearing the brunt of the battle
Stubbornly holding the line;
Waiting for France and England,
Checking the drive of the Hun.

Where are the sons of Belgium?
'Neath the sod of their native land.
Poor, wasted, shell-torn Belgium,
Crushed 'neath the heel of the Hun.
Carry on! Cries her spirit immortal,

Dauntless, her thin blue line
Fighting for freedom and right.
How can a nation so beastial
Live on the face of the earth?
There's no room for Huns and Kultur
By the side of our Allied sons;—
On any existing planet,
Let alone, our own little earth.
Who craves a grander title?
Who has a nobler name
Than this, "A son of Belgium",
The watchword of Honor and Fame?

—Harris Liebolt.

I WONDER?

It was raining one night
As a Buick in its flight
Glided lightly o'er the road,
While inside a merry load
Sat cooing just like birds,
Too busy for mere words;
But a tire it did blow out;
From inside arose a shout,
Then a leg from out the door
Then a body—and still more,
On the roadside there stood Ash,
Oh! how his teeth he did gnash,
At his side stood Harold, the sage,
And his face expressed his rage.
By the crippled car they knelt
And for the wounded tire they felt,
Fixed it up with tender care
And pumped it full of pure, fresh air,
Then the Buick moved along
And inside a merry throng
Soon forgot their sad troubles
And floated on—just like bubbles.
The End.

—C. H. & R. E.

Claude and "Coons"
had wandered far
that night
and were nearing
the city
of Gary.
We scented a
candy kitchen
and
headed hence.
And went inside
and sat down.
I said
"Your treat"
and Claude
said "No,
I have no
Cazona"
and
I said,
"Let's beat it
for I
am broke".
I thank you.

—C. H. & A. C.

On, O! Gary!—On, O! Gary!
Break right through that line.
We will beat you—Mishawaka,
A touch-down sure this time.
On, O! Gary!—On, O! Gary!
For honor and for fame,
Fight, boys, oh! fight! fight! fight!—
We'll win this game!

—Olive Richardson.

PLEASURE SUPREME

One hears of the wonderful pleasure
That comes with a group, or a crowd,
But pleasure like that cannot measure
The kind that is given, allowed
The two who are always contented
When they are together, alone—
In harmony that is consented
For which nothing else can atone.
Supreme, since unparalleled, pleasure
Can just by a girl and a boy
Be had to enjoy as a treasure—
This gift that is paramount joy.

—Floyd C. Wattles.

A SERIES OF "CHEERFUL LETTERS TO A SOLDIER"

(The kind the boys *love* to receive)

May 1, 1917.

Dear Bill:



GOT your card saying that you had arrived in camp. You bet that if I didn't have that back tooth out I would be there too. I know that there is no use of my trying to enlist because I wouldn't pass the examination on account of that tooth. Since you are gone, I will tell you all the high school news. The newspapers say that the letters to the boys should be cheerful, as the soldiers are miserable all the time, so will write cheerfully if I can.

We had a swell dance last night. Everyone had a grand time. We are going to have a beach party Tuesday night. We have been having a great time this last week. I have been reading about the unsanitary conditions in some of the camps and of how many men die of disease in them. You weren't looking very well when you left, but I suppose you don't worry any.

Have you been vaccinated yet? I hear it makes you awful sick. Well so long,—

Your faithful friend,

LEM.

May 13, 1917.

Dear Bill:

We are certainly having a great time here. People seem to have forgotten all about the war this last month.

Sorry you joined the machine gun company, as I hear that a machine gunner doesn't live long on the front,—but you should worry; they don't all get killed. Some of them only get injured.

I don't suppose it is any of my business, but I feel it is my duty to tell you that your girl has been running around with Henry Moore lately. It seems pretty rotten for a girl to be running around with another kid as soon as her fellow has gone to war. They are together a lot. I know you liked Jeanette pretty well, but it won't take you long to get another one. You always were popular with the girls. I wonder why I can't be? You know Bill, I'm fairly good looking, ain't I?

Read the other day about a couple of fellows going crazy in the trenches on account of the nervous strain. It must be awful. I also heard that there are so many wounded that the Red Cross can't take care of all of them. Many of them die from lack of care. You were always lucky, though.

Heard your father was pretty sick and that your mother was worried to death about it, but he will probably get better soon so I wouldn't worry if I were you. I'll bet you are having a good time in camp even if you do know you are going across soon. Don't worry old man, you have a lot of friends here at home yet.

Yours truly,

LEM.

September 6, 1917.

Dear Bill:

Hope you are still alive and suppose you are, as I haven't heard from you to the contrary. Say Bill, I know you will be coming back after the war, but of course there is a little chance that you won't, so I wish that you would write to your dad and tell him to give me that 12-gauge shot gun of yours,—that is, if you don't come back. I always liked that gun, Bill.

Saw Jeanette out in Henry Moore's car the other night. She sure looks as if she is having a good time. "When the cat's away, the mice will play,"—eh, Bill? I'm glad you are still in this country because I hear the food in France is almost uneatable. Did you get that package of cigarettes I sent you last month? Sent them because I feel even those at home should sacrifice something. My sister is paying on a fifty dollar Liberty Bond, so I know our family is doing its share. This town didn't reach its quota in the Liberty Bond drive. I think it is a shame, don't you? The darn slackers! Write real soon.

Yours,

LEM.

January 15, 1918.

Dear Bill:

I got your letter saying that they had given you gas masks and that it was a sure sign that you are going across soon.

Well, if you get killed, (of course, there is a chance), you will have the satisfaction of knowing it is for a good cause.

I think they are foolish to spend money on gas masks as the newspapers say the Germans have invented a gas that penetrates right through the mask. Maybe it is a fake.

You will have a swell time looking for submarines on the way over. I have a sneaking suspicion that there are a lot of transports sunk that we never hear of. Don't you think this is true?

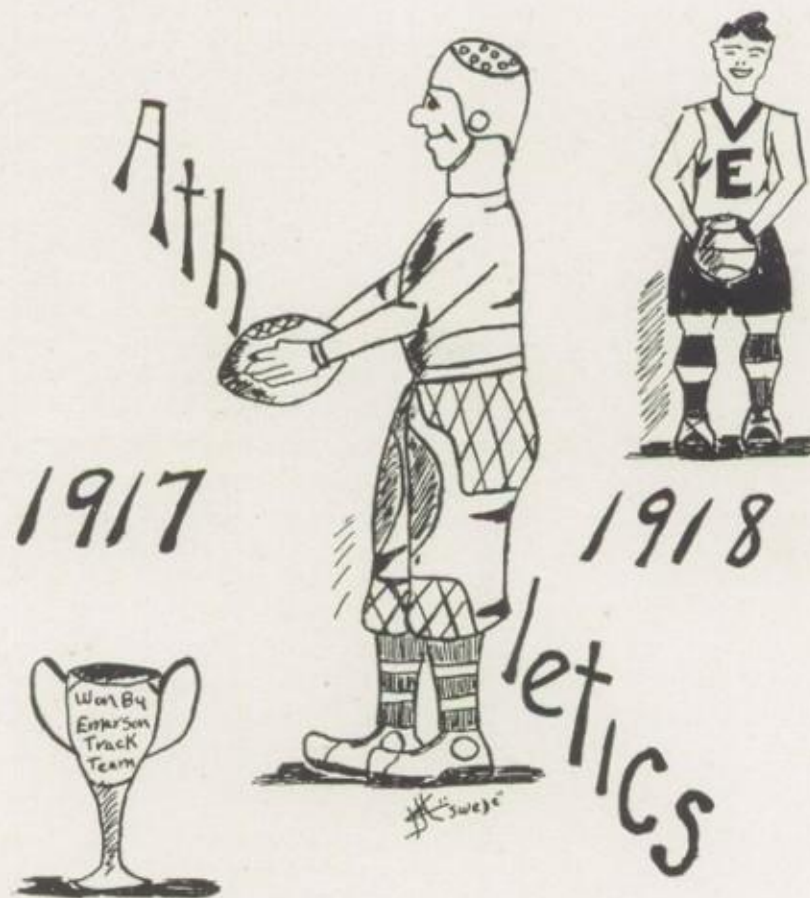
They say the tobacco you get in France is worse than hay, so you had better take some along. I hear they don't let you soldiers read what is going on at the front because they think it might make you scared. Is that right? It makes me sore when I think of all the young fellows who have to go to war without college training and then have to do common labor to make a living after they come home. They say a man isn't good for much after he goes through a war. It makes him lazy and irresponsible.

I will be twenty-one pretty soon and I think I might be able to enlist after all. I think I would like the ordnance department. Well, old man, write to me often when you get across and send me some souvenirs. If you meet any French girls who would like to write to a nice young fellow in America, remember me, Bill.

Respectfully,

LEM.

—"Runt" Wood.





Sixty-six

THE FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1917-18



NE of the strongest teams in the history of Gary High School was turned out during the football season of 1917-1918, and by means of this team the prowess of Gary athletics was again demonstrated. During the season, Gary defeated every team in this section of the state with the exception of Hammond. This defeat by Hammond was most untimely, for had Gary won this game, it would have given us a chance to battle for the state championship—an honor which Gary had hoped for but was unable to realize.

The outlook for the season was indeed very dark when such men as Kneisley, Kyle, Szold, etc., were lost through graduation, and still darker was the outlook when Yahnke and Coyle, men from whom a great deal was expected failed to return to school. When the call for candidates was made and a meeting held at the Jefferson school, coaches Gilroy and Erickson in stirring speeches told the boys that they must fight to the last and that every victory won during the season must be won through brains and speed and not through brute strength. With these words in mind the lightest team that ever represented Gary settled down to work in preparation for the opening game.

The opening game of the season was played at Froebel field against the Wheaton squad. Although the Wheaton team outweighed them several pounds to the man, Gary, through superior team work and speed was able to defeat them by the score 6-0. The only score of the game came in the

second quarter, when the enemy fumbled on their ten yard line, and Marquardt recovered the ball and ran the remaining distance for a touchdown. The Wheaton team after this break, braced up and held Gary even during the rest of the game.

Two weeks later Gary played the strong Mishawaka eleven. The team work of Gary during this game was very much improved over that of two weeks ago. The Mishawaka eleven had played several games before meeting Gary and were therefore more experienced. As the lines of both teams were very strong, both teams adopted the aerial attack. Gary scored first when they held the enemy for downs on their twenty yard line and Kilpatrick shot a short pass to McLennon who went over for the first touchdown and gave Gary the lead 6-0. This advantage was soon lost when Beekler intercepted a pass and ran half the length of the field for a touchdown. Coum, the enemy's captain, then kicked goal and gave Mishawaka the lead 7-6. Kilpatrick again gave Gary the lead when he plunged through the opponents line for another six points. The lead however was short lived for Coum scored another touchdown through the pass route and Mishawaka led 13-12. Gary again came back in the second quarter and after they had brought the ball down the field Kilpatrick went over for another counter. During the third quarter neither side could do any consistent gaining. In the last quarter Gary had a narrow escape from defeat when the enemy had first down on Gary's five yard line. Four plunges failed to advance the ball,

and Gary punted out of danger. A few minutes later the whistle blew giving Gary another victory by the score of 18-13.

On the following Saturday, Gary met the heavy Elkhart team. The field was very sloppy, due to the excessive rains during the week. With the field in this condition and with a cold wind blowing, the players lacked their usual pep and the game proved to be slow and uninteresting. During the second period Kilpatrick by some open field running made a sixty yard run for the first score. Nothing more happened until the last quarter when Gary by a series of end runs put the ball on Elkhart's five yard line. Kilpatrick was again given the ball and made a short end run and added six more points to the score. A few minutes later the game ended with Gary having the long end of the score 12-0.

On the Saturday following the Elkhart game, Gary met the East Chicago eleven at Gleason Park. This was the first game that was played between the two teams since relations were broken off several years before. The game proved to be a walkaway for the speedy Gary team. After practicing on the sloppy field all week, the change to the dry grass field gave the boys a chance to utilize their speed. That they made the most of their opportunity may be seen by the fact that they defeated their opponents by the score 59-0. The whole team played a star game but particular mention must be made of the stellar playing of Captain Cogley, Kilpatrick, and Marquardt. This trio was in every play, both on the defensive and offensive.

After the decisive defeat administered to East Chicago, Gary settled down to the hardest practice in preparation for the South Bend game to be played on the following Saturday. The worst kind of weather set in, snow and ice being on the ground all week. Practice could not be cancelled and signal

practice and scrimmage were held in the snow every night. This severe practice nevertheless put the boys in the pink of condition for the game that might decide the championship of northern Indiana. Hammond and South Bend had played a scoreless tie the Saturday before and if Gary could defeat South Bend, Hammond also would be defeated. Friday and Saturday morning the sun came out good and strong and melted all the snow on the grass at Gleason Park where the game was to be played, so the field was in good condition for the game.

A good crowd was out to see the game that would probably decide the championship of northern Indiana. As might be expected the game was one of the most bitterly fought games ever played in Gary. Gary opened up strong and brought the ball to South Bend's twenty yard line where Harris tried a placement kick which went wild. Sabo got the ball and carried it back to the middle of the field. The ball was again given to Sabo who circled around end and now the remaining distance for a touchdown. Goal was kicked giving South Bend the lead 7-0. The score was tied a few minutes later when Kilpatrick ran forty yards through the ranks of the enemy for a touchdown and Harris kicked goal. Towards the last part of the half, Capt. Donovan and Sabo were hurt and had to be taken from the game. This proved to be a great blow to South Bend for these two men were the backbone of the team. During the second half the Gary boys came back strong and two more touchdowns were scored by Kilpatrick. When the whistle blew, Gary led by the score 19-7. The crowd went wild over the victory and the boys were all happy for it now looked as if they would easily defeat Hammond on the following Saturday.

On the following Saturday the team, accompanied by

five hundred rooters went to Hammond. All the advantages were with our opponents, while we had a great disadvantage in the fact that quarter-back MacLennon was not in condition to play, but as there was no one to take his place he had to play the full game. All during the first half Gary outclassed their opponents, but was unable to score as the breaks were all in favor of Hammond.

In the second half Hammond began to center their attack at one spot on our line, and by continued rushes placed the ball on our one yard line, Schillo the enemy's half-back, was then given the ball, and went over the line for the only score of the game. Seering then made the total count seven by kicking goal. Before Gary could retrieve her lost laurels and tie the score, the game ended with the score Hammond 7, Gary 0, the only stain on Gary's schedule throughout the season. This defeat came unexpectedly but credit must be given to Hammond for accomplishing the seemingly impossible.

Gary's record for the season was one to be proud of, for five victories out of six games is a record that any team would consider a good season's work. Credit is due to the coaches

for developing so great a team and to the players who fought so hard to uphold the honor of Gary High School.

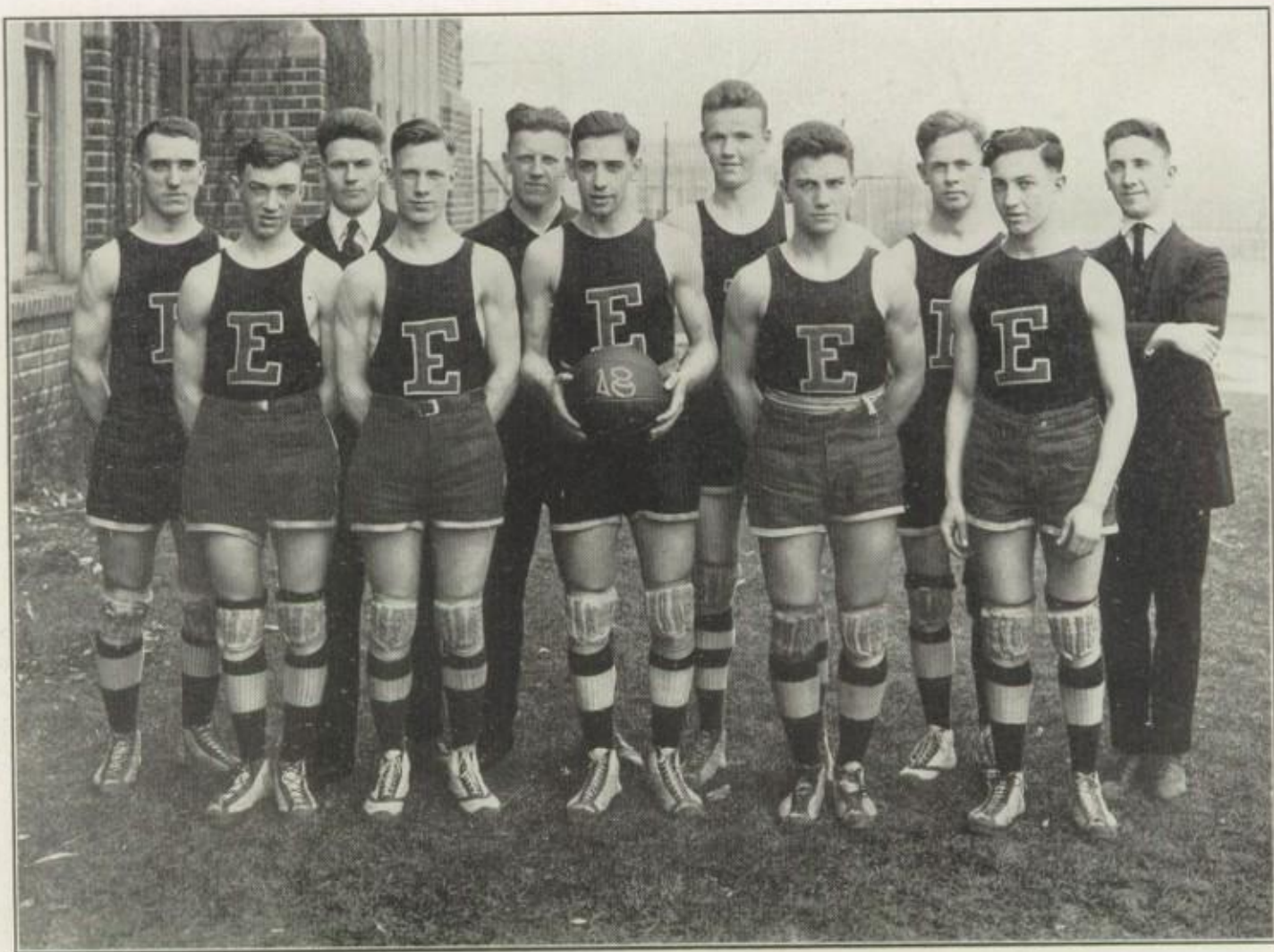
G. H. S. FOOTBALL TEAM

L. E. Cogley, Captain; L. T. Dunleavy, L. G. Alger, Harkness, Liebolt, C. C. Coons, R. G. Mikita, V. Smith, R. Kollus, R. E. Ruman, S. Smith, Hay, L. H. Harris, R. H. Kilpatrick, Q. B. MacLennon, F. B. Marquardt.

FOOTBALL SCORES OF THE '17 SEASON

Gary	6		Wheaton	0
	18		Mishawaka	13
	12		Elkhart	0
	59		East Chicago	0
	19		South Bend	7
	0		Hammond	7
	114		27	

TOUCHDOWNS—Marquardt 1, MacLennon 1, Harris 1, Coons 1, Cogley 1, G. Smith 1, Ruman 1, Kilpatrick 11.



Seventy

BASKETBALL RETROSPECT



HE season of 1917-1918 will long be remembered as one of the most eventful in the history of basketball at Emerson. After a stiff schedule with down-state teams had been arranged by our enterprising coaches, it was announced that Emerson was barred from Indiana competition.

Owing to the difficulty in arranging games outside of the state we were slow in starting our season. A few days after the first practice had been called by Captain Johnson, Emerson emerged victorious from a battle with Oak Park. The final count was 23-21. The next game was taken with ease. Coach Paddie Driscoll's boys of Deerfield, Illinois, didn't even give us good practice. (We don't blame Paddie for joining the army soon after this game).

January the eleventh, our little fellows accompanied by their two nurses meandered up to St. Joseph to try out their luck with the summer resort keepers' sons. They were very nice and would rent you a room for almost nothing—during the winter. The place was known as St. Joe but if a saint was ever associated with it, it was an awful long time ago. It was on this trip that Dunleavy tried to steal a Michigan City street car for a watch charm but was caught as he was hiding it in his vest pocket. Yes, Pauline, Gauge has a vest. (He wears it on Sundays). They told us that we didn't look as if we could play basketball, but we showed 'em. The winning counters were chalked up by Beany and Baldy in the last five minutes of play. It was one of those exciting games you never see but read about in books. We let it go at 31-29.

"Situated on a high bluff, overlooking the lake, where the cool winds play," is the way the hotel we stayed in that



night advertised. Whenever it wants them, the hotel may have ten testimonials verifying that what they say is true—and then some. The greatest blizzard that has blown for years came up while we were camped in a papier mache summer hotel with isin-glass windows and a tin roof. We recovered from our polar experience by noon the next day and moved over to Benton Harbor. Here we registered at a hotel known as the Eastland. The place was certainly a disaster—when we left. We defeated B. H. H. S. easily. Beany shot so many in, he got dizzy and then showed them some classy team work. Owing to the storm we stayed at Benton Harbor until Monday afternoon.

During our stay at the hotel we made ourselves very popular with the guests by our willingness to entertain them at all hours of the night, by taking the choice seats in front of the fire-place in the lobby, and by our seeming indifference to all slurring remarks they made pertaining to our conduct. We made a friend of the hotel keeper for life by our willingness to do interpretive dancing on his wax floors and by draping ourselves over his best chairs in the parlor, always sure that our shoes were making delicate markings on the mahogany. In general, we made ourselves about as popular as Emerson students at a Froebel dance.

In our next game we had recovered enough from our trip to take Elgin over to the tune of 19-14. Red Smith who had been an unknown quantity before, proved his worth in this game. The following few weeks found us still gathering trophies, Morgan Park, Froebel and Lake Forest being our victims.

On Friday, February the eighth, we met our first reverse of the season, a defeat on our own floor by Kalamazoo.

Our bunch did not realize the worth of their opponents until the celery kings had a comfortable lead which they maintained until the end of the game. Kalamazoo used a peculiar style of play that we were unable to solve and which proved doubly effective against the style employed by Emerson. Baldy did his best work of the season in this game gathering two thirds of the points rung up by Emerson. Demoralized by this defeat and experimenting with a new style of play, Elgin defeated us the following week at Elgin. We were treated with German courtesy on this trip by player and official alike. One thing to be admired in the Elgin players was their lack of partiality. They were as willing to kick an Emerson forward as they were a guard.

The next game of importance to be played was with Evanston on their home floor. They had not been defeated this season and had taken the measure of the Kalamazoo bunch. Coach Erickson gently hinted that he would consider it a personal favor to himself if our team would win this game so that settled it. Evanston never had a chance. Emerson immediately took the lead and held it throughout the game. Evanston was not a piker and fought hard but were simply outclassed. Every fellow on the Emerson team played a wonderful game and it was a victory to be proud of. Dunleavy's opponent, Carney, had the reputation of being the most aggressive and consistent prep player in Chicago. Dunleavy not only held Carney to one field goal but made three himself and had his rival breathlessly chasing him all through the game. It is doubtful whether Evanston has recovered from their surprise yet. Just to keep the boys from getting stiff, the next night the fly bunch from Lane Tech. was invited into our parlor and massacred. After this game we learned we had been reinstated by the state association and could compete in the

sectional and state tournament. The Gary Tribune reported the score as 45-17 and we will take their word for it.

The game the following Wednesday night with the Y. M. C. A., as our rivals, was one of those walkaway affairs so commonly seen by the followers of the Emerson team. We trimmed them 40-23. The Y team was composed of old Froebel players with the best part of the Emerson's '16-'17 team playing guard. We've got to hand it to this Johnnie.

SECTIONAL TOURNAMENT

The Sectional Tournament was held the eighth and ninth of March in that thriving little metropolis, Hammond. Every one in the county expected Emerson to win the tournament and rather than disappoint them, (especially our rooters from Valpo), we did.

East Chicago, Winamac, Valpo and Crown Point were our victims.

No difficulty was encountered in dealing with any of these contestants and with the exception of the Valpo game, members of our first team were allowed to sit on the side line and gossip with their lady friends during the game. Skinner, Cogley, Ruman showed they had a right to be classed as among the best eight players from Emerson during this tournament. At the Crown Point game a young lady mistook Beany for Richard Pierson Hobson returning from his Spanish American war exploits and wished to treat him accordingly but was restrained by more sober heads. Every few moments her wails for B-E-A-N-Y! B-E-A-N-Y! could be heard through the hall. But as Beany would say, "She never had a chance".

STATE TOURNAMENT

The following week the State Tournament was held at

Seventy-three

Bloomington. We left Gary, Thursday morning and arrived in time to bet thirty-five cents on the first game. With the aid of numerous "ifs" and "maybes" the tournament was won and lost many times on the train going down. Emerson played their first game, or rather their game against Anderson, Friday morning. For some reason or other the boys simply couldn't get going and Anderson took the game. Emerson's floor work was superior to the "smiling Five's" but their basket shooting was far off color. Captain Johnson played a remarkable game but one man doesn't make a team and so his efforts were unrewarded. Although Anderson has a wonderful team it would take more than the game played at the State Tournament to prove to any one who has studied the teams' records that theirs is superior to ours.

Being familiar with the four man defense style of play used frequently at the state meet, Emerson had little difficulty in turning the tables on their former rivals, Kalamazoo at Kalamazoo the following week.

Much credit is due the boys, not only the first team, but the reserves for the hours of hard work they put in to uphold Emerson's reputation as a school famous for basketball teams. As a coach, Mr. Erickson showed great ability in bringing out the natural aptitude of the boys by developing them into a consistent scoring machine.

The games played are as follows:

Emerson	23		Oak Park	21
	30		Deerfield	4
	31		St. Joseph	29
	35		Benton Harbor	19
	19		Elgin	14
	60		Morgan Park	9
	41		Froebel	17

50		Lake Forest	21
24		Kalamazoo	29
34		Elgin	36
26		Polarines	20
19		Evanston	18
45		Lane Tech.	17
40		Y. M. C. A.	23
42		East Chicago	16
28		Winamac	17
26		Valparaiso	21
57		Crown Point	23
9		Anderson	30
14		Kalamazoo	12

Emerson's Total 653

Opponents Total 396

Emerson averaged 32 points per game, Opponents 16.
Games won—17 out of 20.

Points gathered by players during season:

Harris		207
McLennon		178
Dunleavy		133
G. Smith		87
Ruman		18
Johnson (Capt.)		16
V. Smith		6
Skinner		4
Cogley		4

Awarded first team "E's" for basketball—Captain Johnson, Harris, McLennon, Dunleavy, G. Smith, V. Smith, Ruman, Skinner, Cogley.

Awarded second team letters for basketball for their good work during the season—C. Johnson, (Capt.), Feuer, Tittle, Honoroff, Taylor, T. Johnson, Kelso, Quinlan, Wilson, Manlin, E. Smith.



TRACK



WITH practically every point winner of the champion team of last year graduated, it indeed looked exceedingly dark for the track prospects this spring and little or no hope was entertained for a winning team. However, after a rousing meeting of those interested in track work held early in the Spring, Harold Cogley was elected Captain and a squad of 40 fellows started to train for the Annual Class Meet which was held April 29th at Gleason Field. Every event was closely contested and some very good material unearthed. Seniors won with 44 points, Sophomores second with 36, Juniors third with 31 and the Freshies last with 11. The Sophs were dealt a hard blow by the referee when Finklestein, champion long distance runner, was disqualified for running on the grass.

On the following Saturday, Emerson won from Crown Point, East Chicago and Froebel, scoring 58 points. Our relay team consisting of Hay, Wilson, Johnson, and Ward, fairly swamped the other teams.

On May 11th at the Annual County Meet, Emerson again came to the front and handily won the championship but lost the relay after a hard race. Captain Cogley in the 220, George Dunleavy in the High and Low Hurdles and Shot Put, Beanie Harris in the Low Hurdles, Harvey Evans in the mile, Donald McArthur in the 440, Ed. Smith and Ray MacLennan were the point winners and all of them won their "E" for the first time.

On May 18th the track team attended the Northern Indiana Meet at LaPorte and finished third with a total of 20 points. Captain Cogley in the Low Hurdles, George Dunleavy in the Shot Put, and Ed. Smith and Baldy MacLennan

in the Pole Vault, Evans in the Mile, Carl Johnson in the 440 and Harold Harris in the High Hurdles scored the points and won the right of entering the State Meet at Purdue University, the following Saturday. The relay team made up of Hay, Ward, McArthur and Johnson won second place after a fine relay.

Much credit is due Captain Cogley and the entire squad for their conscientious and untiring efforts, and this year's team



is really the makings of the best track team that ever represented Emerson in another year.

Captain Cogley, George Dunleavy, Ray MacLennan, Harold Harris, Donald McArthur, Carl Johnson, Harvey Evans, Henry Hay, Harmon Ward, Edwin Smith, Harris Liebolt, Rundell Wood, Arthur O'Hara, R. Stimson, B. Davidson, R. O'Connor, Frank Kelso, Herbert Plowman made up the track team.

MR. ERICKSON



HIS year has not been all successes. We have sustained several set-backs, among them the loss of the Hammond game, the state tournament—and Mr. Erickson.

The absence of Mr. Erickson leaves a vacancy not easily filled. He as an athletic director, a social worker, and a community booster. He acquired not only acquaintances but friends. He was deservedly one of the most popular faculty members at Emerson.

Mr. Erickson's success as a physical director was not due to his wide knowledge of athletics. His understanding of boys was his chief aid in instilling in their minds the desire to "play the game" off the field as well as on it. He was a friend as well as a coach to his boys.

The chief success of Mr. Erickson was not in turning out the winning teams he did, but his ability to infuse into the boys the real spirit of athletics and their true meaning.

As he follows his chosen work in France the good wishes of the entire Emerson student body and faculty go with him. It is hoped conditions will soon be such that he may soon return to again take up the work in which he gained such success at old Emerson.



THE MEN WHO WEAR THE "G"

This is the last year that the letter "G" will be given for Football, since both Emerson and Froebel will have to go their separate ways with teams of their own.

H. Cogley, '18
R. MacLennan, '18
H. Harris, '19
G. Dunleavy, '20
B. Marquardt, '18
K. Kilpatrick, '18
C. Coons, '18
H. Liebolt, '18
H. Hay, '18
G. Smith, '20
A. Makita, '18
R. Alger, '19
M. Kollus, '18
A. Harkness, '19
V. Smith, '18
I. Ruman, '18

THE MEN WHO WEAR THE "E"

BASKETBALL

H. Cogley, '18
D. Johnson, '18
R. MacLennan, '18
H. Harris, '19
I. Ruman, '18
G. Smith, '20
V. Smith, '18
G. Dunleavy, '20
H. Skinner, '18

TRACK

H. Cogley, '18
H. Harris, '19
R. MacLennan, '18
D. McArthur, '19
H. Hay, '18
C. Johnson, '19
E. Smith, '20
H. Ward, '20
R. Wood, '18
G. Dunleavy, '20
H. Evans, '18



Eighty

CLASS ATHLETICS



LASS athletics have held a more important place in our school activities this year than ever before. This was owing to the fact that Emerson girls have had to be satisfied with interclass competition rather than interscholastic.

HOCKEY

During the fall months an interclass hockey tournament was held by the girls. The standing of the teams was as follows: 1st, Seniors; 2nd, Juniors; 3rd, Sophomores; 4th, Freshmen.

As a curtain raiser to the South Bend-Gary football game a hockey game was played between the girls of Froebel and Emerson which resulted in a victory for Froebel. The final score was 1 to 0. This game was a good scrappy contest and shows that the girls can put up a contest that is as interesting to watch as the boys. Several thousand hair pins were lost during this clash, but they are slowly being recovered as the lawn mower wends its weary way around Gleason Field.

BASKETBALL

Interclass basketball tournaments were held by both boys and girls. After a hard schedule had been played the Senior girls were found to be the victors. The Junior class took the boy's tournament.

BASEBALL

Owing to the difficulty in arranging games no baseball

team representing the high school was organized this spring. A series of games between classes was played with the Sophomore class copping the pennant. More spectators and rooters turned out to see the class games than ever came to the interscholastic baseball combats.

TRACK

Following an established precedent, an interclass track meet was held at Gleason Field which was won by the Seniors. (As is customary). The crowd was so great at this meet that they flowed from the grand stand on to the field, somewhat retarding the events. Track attendance has been remarkable this year. Before each meet the classes have held meetings and selected someone to act as a spectator for the next day. A representative track meet crowd may be seen sitting on the west side of the grand stand in the track picture.

HANDBALL

A handball tournament was held by the boys during the spring months. Many exciting matches were played and the deciding game was a close one. Keen interest is displayed in this sport and it is getting to be an important pastime at Emerson.

TENNIS

Tennis also came in for its share of interest and tournaments were held by both girls and boys.

Two sports worthy of attention have been neglected at

Emerson the last year. They are wrestling and swimming. Swimming is claimed to be the best all around muscle developer in the world; yet very few of the high school students use the pool. These two sports should be revived. The spirit in which Emerson students engage in class activities is a credit to the school. Girls owe much to their two coaches Miss Bruns and Miss Hagedorn, for the success of their class sports. The good work of the boys is due to the diligence of Mr. Erickson and Mr. Gilroy.

As a reward for their work in the class hockey tournament the following girls were awarded E's: Seniors—R. Anderson, J. Bowen, I. Spiker, S. Tittle, R. West, E. Hammond, H. Lee, L. Harris, E. Milgram, E. Vizona, G. Jones, P. Burford, M. Monroe, H. Kidwell.

Juniors—L. Hutchins, B. Davis, F. Bernstein, B. Friedman, J. Kleindorf, R. Davies, E. Salmi, H. Sayles, G. Holliday, M. Uhl, M. Freebury, R. Wolf, R. Heiny.

Sophomores—M. O'Hara, E. Mathews, G. Hancock, F. Kyle, D. Brink, M. Onson, E. Strom, C. Witwer, S. Vickroy, C. Hogan, L. Hogan, D. Fedler, M. Milteer, M. Hall.

Freshmen—G. Beerman, M. Gale, I. Carr, A. Johnson, C. Smith, E. Wilson, A. Peterson, M. Engle, E. Rockwell, M. Eibel, H. Cripe, E. Breese, V. Chase, M. Taylor, B. Harris.

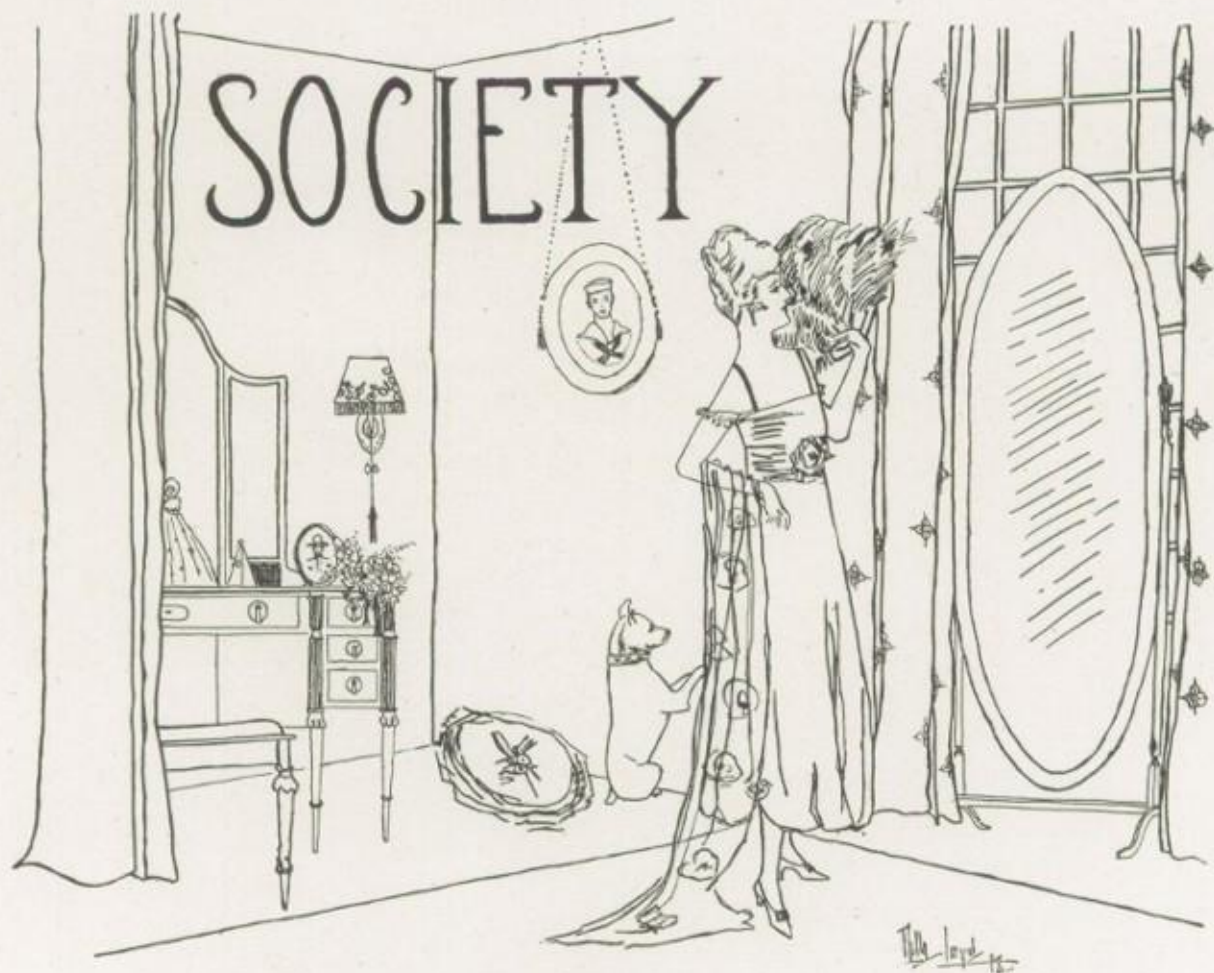
The following girls were awarded basketball letters:

Seniors—E. Hammond, J. Bowen, P. Burford, L. Harris, I. Spiker, H. Lee, R. Anderson, R. West, E. Milgrim.

Juniors—L. Hutchins, R. Davis, M. Freebury, G. Holliday, B. Davis, G. Philips, F. Bernstein.

Sophomores—G. Hancock, E. Strom, N. Milteer, M. Onson, M. Hall, D. Brink, M. O'Hara, M. Wood, C. Witwer.

Freshmen—E. Hughes, E. Rockwell, B. Harris, A. Peterson, M. Gale, G. Beeman, M. Gale.



THE SOPHOMORE FOOTBALL DANCE

The first dance of the season was given at Emerson by the Sophomores, in honor of the Football boys, last October. Their President, Mr. Wilson, and Miss Irene Spiker led the grand march followed by the team members and their friends. On the programs was found the unique title, "Grid-Iron Hop," and this commenced our merry social activities.

"HAV-A-GUD-TIME-HOP"

Miss Gladys Jones' guest list included seventy-five friends and classmates on October 13th, when she entertained in honor of Sergt. Godfrey MacKenzie, one of our "Honor Boys," at Emerson Hall. Clever program and excellent music furnished by Blumenthal and Eversoll heightened the pleasure of all who followed the hostess and Mr. Kilpatrick in the grand march at nine o'clock. Refreshments were served during the evening, and all proclaimed Miss Jones a most charming hostess. Several out of town guests were present.

HALLOWE'EN DANCE

The Juniors entertained at a novel costume party on October thirty-first in the Boy's Gym. Many unique masquerades were to be seen, from the rollicking clowns to the most sedate Colonial Dames. After a pleasant hour of dancing, the party adjourned, to continue their merry making at Froebel School.

"GRAY AND GOLD"

One of the most pleasing dancing parties was given by the Misses Davidson, Monroe, Swartz, and West in November at the Commercial Club. Novel invitations with appropriate names for each of the dances were given each guest as

they were led in the grand march by Miss Davidson and Mr. Cogley, our captain. The Football boys were the guests of honor, and the friends of the hostesses were refreshed many times during the evening by the delicious punch. At a late hour the dance was finished, and the party dispersed having had a most delightful time.

ALUMNI DANCE

During Christmas vacation, the Alumni gave their annual dancing party at the Commercial Club. Mr. John Wicks, the Alumni President, and Miss Doris Davidson led the grand march to music by McElvy's Orchestra. Many former graduates came from near and far to the reunion, and it proved to be one of the most delightful of the season.

SENIOR CAMP-FIRE BANQUET

About thirty girls gathered in the Girls' Gymnasium at four-fifteen one afternoon for a meeting and lunch. Miss Bruns led us in many clever games and races, and after a short business meeting, we adjourned to the tables. Here a bounteous meal was set forth, the preparers of which had not over-estimated our hearty appetites. We all certainly enjoyed the good time.

SURPRISE PARTY

A group of young people surprised Miss Sylvia Tittle at her home last November. The Senior boys were in charge of the evening, and dancing proved the feature. The finest refreshments were served by the young gentlemen, and at a late hour they left after having a jolly time.

COMMERCIAL CLUB DANCE

A delightful affair was given by the Club last fall in

Emerson Hall. Mr. Wilson, the President, and Miss Miriam Swartz led the grand march after which the evening was spent in dancing. We hope there will be more of these, as the Club grows older under the capable guidance of Mr. White.

SENIOR THEATRE PARTY

It was a merry bunch of English students who, accompanied by Miss Richardson, journeyed to Chicago to hear Maud Adams in "A Kiss for Cinderella," at the Blackstone Theatre. After recovering somewhat from the thralldom of Miss Adams' charm, we entertained our astonished fellow passengers with the most varied of musical programs and clever impersonations of the striking modern characters, and finally parted voting unanimously to thank our chaperone for the pleasant evening.

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

Twenty-five Seniors were the guests of the Misses Kidwell and Hemingway at the former's home to celebrate Lincoln's birthday and Valentine day. Dancing prevailed in the patriotically decorated rooms, while the heart mysteries were fathomed by means of numerous games in the Valentine dining room. Music furnished by Mrs. Pierre Haynes and Roy Smith, was interspersed by frequent journeys to the punch bowl. Each guest departed possessing an unusual number of hearts which were won by severe conquest.

GIRLS HOCKEY BANQUET

Fifty Hockey girls gathered in the lunch room to honor the Senior Hockey Team in a delightful banquet. Elaborate place-cards, music by the girls' quartette, and clever toasts in-

stigated by the mistress of ceremonies, Miss Katherine Witwer, added to the merriment. The "E's" were awarded to the members of the different teams by Miss Bruns.

SOPHOMORE-SENIOR DANCE

On April twelfth, the Seniors were the guests of the Sophomores at a dancing party at Emerson. To the music furnished by Berthold and Jackson, Miss Gladys Jones and Mr. MacLennan led the grand march, participated in by groups from all the classes. The Seniors wish to express their appreciation for a very enjoyable evening, and for the courtesy extended them.

JUNIOR-SENIOR BEACH PARTY

As a recompense for not finding us Seniors, the Juniors gave us a beach party at Pine, on May fifth. The rain but heightened our pleasure. We had everything from baseball games to slight-of-hand tricks. Then we were served with the "eats," which were never enjoyed more, nor consumed more rapidly. After a most hilarious time, we all walked to Ambridge to get a car home, and parted, proclaiming our chaperones, the Misses Knickerbocker and Newton, the best ever.

MAY TIME DANCE

On May seventeenth, the Alumni entertained at an informal dance at the Commercial Club, which was daintily decorated in the predominating spring colors. The clever invitations corresponded nicely with the dainty programs. Music was furnished by Harvey's Orchestra from Chicago.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?



NCE, during our eventful school year, the plutocrats of the school open their hearts, and getting their father's cars, invite their more humble brethren to take a ride, at the same time warning them not to scratch the leather upholstery, and not to experiment with any of the mechanical devices on the machine.

After getting started we are scented by a group of excited, perspiring Juniors, borne bumpingly along in a wheezy Ford.

For a few moments there is great screaming and excitement among the girls in our machine, while the noble Ford, with a never-say-die spirit, dashes madly after us at a terrific speed which can only be equalled by a war tank. We sail majestically along, enjoying the discomfiture of our pursuers, until we come to a conveniently located alley up which we turn. The Ford, angered at this sneaky trick, ambles contemptuously along as if to tell us that it wasn't chasing us anyway.

We heave a sigh of relief and lean back to relax, when suddenly there is a rattle and grunt, then silence. Our machine, which belongs to a union, feels that it has done a good ten hours work and decides to "knock off and call it a day". The driver pleads, implores, and threatens to no avail. After carefully massaging a few screws and nuts; promising the machine a new carbureter for a birthday present and a rest over Sunday,—the car consents to continue.

After skirting the edges of civilization, we bolster up enough courage to leave it and are soon at our rendezvous. We are greeted with shouts and "shhhhhhhhs" and although we haven't had a chance to say a word on account of the racket, we are told to "Keep Still" and "Hold Your Tongue". We feel like rank amateurs at this game of "hunt and find," and

reverently look up to those who have already been in hiding several hours, as a "Rookie" looks on a man who has been "over the top".

We discover that we are billeted in an ice house and are told to make ourselves at home. Warmly grateful at this kind invitation we sink down on a convenient seat which we presently discover (by intuition) to be a nice warm cake of ice. We are struck by the foresight of our host who realizes the necessity of our keeping cool in our hour of trial.

In an hour or so, after sitting in several positions while trying to keep our feet dry, a great light dawns on us. The thought becomes as clear as crystal: there is no such thing as comfort in an ice house! We mentally compliment ourselves on our intelligence in discovering this secret, and then begin to envy the boys at the front in their nice warm trenches.

As it gets darker, the girls, with few exceptions huddle together at the end of the ice house. The boys with few exceptions, gather at the other end. The "exceptions" get together and spend quite a chummy evening. Some of the "nice" boys gather enough courage to go over and play "Ghost" with the girls—a game which is quite popular in Old Soldier's Homes and institutions for the deaf and dumb.

School affairs are cussed and discussed. The chief topic of conversation is the resignation of the athletic coach, who intends to leave for France soon. After grave discussion as to who is competent to take his place, it is decided a good plan to offer the position to the expression teacher of a neighboring school whose entries in our declamatory contest showed a remarkable knowledge of calisthenics.

The time drags slowly on. As nine o'clock (the Senior girls' bed time) approaches, we begin to realize the hunt is about over. Is this the wonderful time we have been look-

ing forward to all week? We ask ourselves if we are having a good time. The ice is a bit cold; the air a trifle stuffy; and the wait a little tedious; but just the same we are enjoying ourselves. To settle doubt in our mind we begin loudly to tell those around us what a perfectly wonderful time we are having.

As 9:30, the hour which proclaims we have won, draws near, the "sh's" and warnings to keep still, that everyone is giving everyone else in a loud voice, blend together in a low roar which shakes the building and surrounding territory. It is plain that our pursuers are not in the same country or they would certainly hear us.

The hour announcing our freedom arrives, and we scamp downstair with a shout, and stand around in the rain telling each other how cleverly we have slipped it over the Juniors. By the time the Juniors reach us (in their closed cars) our clothes, but not our spirits are slightly damped. We then retire to a piano box doing duty as a fire station, where the mob scene from "Julius Caesar" is re-enacted, when the refreshments appear. All friendship is cast aside in the mad rush which makes a Berlin food riot look as peaceful as a Y. M. C. A. reading room. Only the strongest emerge from the crush with a smile, a hot dog, and a tiny pickle so young that it is still shedding briny tears at being separated from its mother. The way the girls crowd around the refreshment table makes you think it was bargain day at Goodman's.

We watch with admiration and envy a Sophomore who can surround a hot dog with stomach at one gulp. After timing him it is discovered that he can eat twenty-four "dogs" in eighteen minutes and thirty-seven seconds, which is probably a world record.

Finding it is time to go home we crawl into the nearest

machine, we don't know whose it is and don't care, and find we are the fifty-first to get in. We select a choice place near the top of the pile and proceed to imitate a well-mannered sardine.

When our street is reached, by biting two or three, kicking a few, and running our elbow in some one's eye we finally manage to extract ourselves. As the car speeds away we can plainly hear the moans of those who unfortunately got in the machine first and are at the bottom. We are thankful that we were the fifty-first instead of the first.

The next morning, as we drag our leaden feet to school, we notice a line of prospective buyers in front of a shoe store. As we draw nearer we perceive that they are our pursuers of the night previous, waiting their chance to replenish their supply of shoe leather, which is sadly worn away.

Farther down the street is a store which seems to be doing a thriving business in automobile tires.

This, patient reader, is the Junior-Senior hunt.

JUNIOR PROM

The crowning success of our social season was the Prom given in honor of the Seniors by the Juniors on May thirty-first at the Commercial Club. Alberta's Orchestra opened the formal program with music for the grand march led by our Senior President, Henry Hay, and Miriam Swartz. Over one hundred guests followed, including our Emerson students, Faculty, Alumni, and the guests from the surrounding cities. The programs were in red and white with a large '18, and each dance thereon seemed to be wholly enjoyed by each dancer. Delicious punch was served during the evening. Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Richardson, Miss Olive Richardson, Miss Mary Kinnard, and Miss Helen Hagadorn were our Faculty Chaperones.

Organizations

Eighty-eight

WHAT THE WAR HAS DONE TO OUR CLUBS



UCH clubs as the German, Classical, and Chemistry clubs have been discontinued this year. The reason for this is "The War". In place of these clubs, the Girls and Boys Working Reserves have been organized, and are doing their part to help

Uncle Sam.

The Girls' Working Reserve is divided into three groups with a leader at the head of each group. The three leaders are: Miss Knickerbocker, Miss Olin and Miss Newton. The girls have been working layettes for the Belgian children. In the future they intend to do their bit in helping the children of Gary who are in need of clothing.

The Boys Working Reserve has also been doing its bit to win the war. It has been doing its best to organize a group to go out on the farms for the summer.

The substitution of the Working Reserves for the social clubs has made it possible for us to do *our best* in helping to win this great war.

—E. M., '18.

THE TEMULAC CAMP FIRE



HE Temulac Camp Fire under the guardianship of Miss Glasglow, has met every fortnight at the homes of different members. The officers for this year are: President, Ruth Wolf; Secretary, Mildred Freeburg; Treasurer, Bessie Friedman.

The members of this organization have been very active knitters for the Red Cross and have turned in many finished articles. Besides doing their "bit," they have been having some good times. Many hikes and parties have been enjoyed.

The original membership consisted of: Flo Bernstein, Lois Hutchins, Michy Feuer, Bess Friedman, Ruth Wolf, Mildred Freeburg, May Uhl, Bernie Davis, Ruth Davies, and Theadora Hedges. Later on Allegra Nesbit, Eva Sprowls, Jessie Klindorf, and Geraldine Holiday were taken into the club, and much fun was had initiating them. At the close of the school year the girls plan to work on the farms for the government and thus continue to do their "bit".

—Mildred Freeburg.



STUDENT COUNCIL



THE Student Council of the Emerson School was in a very bad condition at the beginning of the school term. In fact, for the last two years it had been entirely lost from sight. In some dark corner the old constitution was hidden away but that was all that remained of the former grandeur of the Council. However, this year has witnessed the revival of this organization. On January 18, 1918, the first meeting was held and members were elected as follows: Seniors—Curtis Coons, President, Elizabeth Graff; Juniors—Hazel Erlandson, Secretary, Frank Kelso; Sophomores—Dorothy Greenwald, Vice President, Harmon Ward; Freshmen—Helen Hauprich, Michael Hanlan.

At this meeting Mr. Spaulding stated the purpose and importance of the Student Council—that the students were chosen as representatives of their class and school to confer with the faculty on any question pertaining to the student body. He said that the Council was given to the students as a privilege which he hoped would be well used. He explained that

the members should realize that a place on the Student Council was not an office that should be treated lightly, but one where tact and diplomacy should be used at all times.

Mr. Richardson attended several meetings and gave the Council an outline of the work he wished completed. He advised, first, the investigation of the dishonest practice of the students in the subject of absences. Another thing was accomplished, the organization of the Auditorium programs in such a manner that the student body would participate in them.

A meeting was held to revise the old constitution or make a new one as the Council saw fit. During the month of April, Auditorium programs were given, explaining and describing the work of the Council. There are many things which the Council wishes yet to do. The coming Councils will of course have a better chance to get into the work as the road has already been cleared by the Council this year.

Students of Emerson School, remember that this is your privilege. Make use of it!

Hazel Erlandson, Secretary.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



IN October 8, 1917, the first meeting of this year was called to order by the president, Raymond MacLennan.

This year, the association has been organized on a larger scale and thereby has worked to much better advantage for the school in general.

Through the association, the enthusiasm for athletics has been boosted to a point of good sportsmanship which has helped our boys win many a victory.

For the year 1917-1918, the association has paid all the back expenses and has broken even in finances.

The approximate summary of the expenditures of the



funds of the Athletic Association for 1917-1918 is as follows:

FOOTBALL

Receipts	\$274.48
Disbursements	77.70
Total Balance	\$196.78
Emerson's Share	98.39

During Football season, Froebel and Emerson were united, therefore the balance of the receipts and disbursements were equally divided between the two schools.

BASKETBALL

Receipts	\$262.25	Season Tickets	\$140.57
		Receipts	121.65

CONTEST CHORUS



UNDER the present high school program, no provision is made for a high school music class. In the auditorium and in the G. L. M. classes it is very difficult to accomplish much as these classes are so irregular. Therefore, in view of the above conditions, we think that an extra amount of credit is due Mr. Snyder for producing such a splendid chorus.

Thirty-six students represented Emerson in the Choral Contest among Crown Point, Lowell, and Whiting schools on April 19, at the Froebel Building.

Our chorus was the first to appear and after it had rendered "The Singers," there was no doubt left in the minds of the audience as to the winning school.

No ripple of surprise was evident when the judges awarded the cup to the Emerson Chorus.

Expenses	331.17	Suits	68.80
		Visiting Team's	
		Expenses	129.43
		Telephone	17.50
		Officials	33.95
Balance	\$ 41.98	General Expenses	121.65

The members of the Association and Finance Committee: Raymond MacLennan, President; Jessie Bowen, Secretary; Arthur O'Hara, Vice-President; Bessie Friedman, Gladys Hancock, George Dunleavy, Louise Hogan.

The members of the Finance Committee: Mr. Atkinson, Treasurer; Raymond MacLennan, Jessie Bowen.

We, the Seniors, as we take out leave, wish the music students of the Emerson all the success in the future that we have enjoyed in the past.

And now, let's give nine rousing cheers for the best musical director in Lake County—

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Snyder, Snyder, Snyder.

And for the Chorus—

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Chorus, Chorus, Chorus.

—Pearl Burford.



Listen, my children, and you shall hear,
 How the chorus succeeded another year
 In winning the prize so sought for by all;
 (Why the rest had been practicing ever since fall).
 But under the guidance of our old stand-by,
 The sopranos were able to go ever so high,
 The altos and basses were right up in trim,
 And the tenors, caused even Snyder to grin.
 "For who is more able than Emerson?" says he,

"We'll make you run," says Crown Point, says she.
 The fatal day came, the race was run,
 And you should have heard those thirty-six hum;
 Crown Point and the rest thought we were fakin',
 But leave it to Snyder, "to bring home the bacon".
 The trophy now stands in the Emerson Hall,
 Looked at by many and admired by all.
 The people who helped win it, accredit the fame,
 To Mr. Snyder, and we all say the same.
 —*Pearl Burford.*

THE EMERSON BAND



LIKE all other organizations the Emerson Band has had its ups and downs. The present year has been successful, and the revival of interest in martial music and the demand for patriotic expression due to the war, has stimulated our boys to greater efforts than ever before.

The Emerson School was fortunate this year in the acquisition of a new cornet player of exceptional ability in the person of Frank Searing. Under the stimulus of this favored youth, other boys have begun or continued their practice and those, whose interest had waned, returned to the field.

The real secret of success has been the determined manner in which the boys have worked together for the development of the organization. Band work differs somewhat from athletics in that an individual player cannot do much to help himself without the co-operation of the others. About November 1st when we needed a bass player we selected a husky Freshman, Harper English. Harp at once got busy, rearranged his program so that he could have one of the vacant noon hours for practice and to date has practiced about 150 hours on the tuba. He now compares favorably with the bass of "Ringling's Circus Band" and other notables.

"Beany" Swartz who had the coin to spend sixty dollars for a cornet back in the days when he was a dreamy Freshman, "awoke" to the fact that he could never be a cornet player. He was advised to study the Baritone and has done exceptionally well. Another notable is Maurice Friedman. For years

"Maurice" had sat patiently on the piano stool and studied diligently the five finger exercises of childhood, but the stirring times called for a nobler instrument with which to voice his enthusiasm. He selected the much neglected and difficult Trombone. In a few short months, he translated his piano experience into Trombone and is now the wizard of the Emerson organization.

Many others should have special mention for personal bravery but the limitation of this article forbids.

At present the roster is as follows: Cornets—Frank Searing, Stewart Taylor, Harry Carleton, Alvin Wood, Lewis Wirt, Elger Miller; Clarinets—Ansel Coons, Oscar Plantz, Harold Skinner, Maynard Krueger; Horns—Randall Lightbody, Robert Krueger; Trombones—Maurice Friedman, Lawrence Tittle; Baritone—Eugene Swartz; Bass—Harper English; Drums—Adrian Feuer, George Jackson.

The rehearsals are held on Tuesday nights as a feature of the night school. Several young men who are not in school are attracted to these rehearsals and are welcomed into the organization.

Former members of the Emerson Band now hold responsible positions in the Military Bands. Forest and Edward Brown, Paul Dexter, and Paul Plantz are all playing for Uncle Sam.

Emerson Band has made itself useful by playing at all great athletic events, the Sectional Basketball Tournament at Hammond, the Field Day and the Emerson Out-Door Phys-



Ninety-six

ical training exhibitions, the Liberty Day Parade, and the Memorial Day Exercises.

Several new boys have secured instruments and have begun their studies so that the organization will doubtless continue to grow.

A drive is being made to secure uniforms. The boys

are selling tickets for a concert and entertainment to be given at the Y. M. C. A. The Physical Training Departments of the various schools are assisting in this entertainment by contributing various attractive numbers of their finest work.

Let us hope and work that this excellent organization may continue to grow and add to the zest and pep of old Emerson.

—Eugene Swartz.

ORATORICAL CONTEST



ABOUT one hundred and thirty students entered the oratorical contest this year. This was several times the number that had ever entered before.

For two days, preliminary contests were run off during auditorium periods. The girls in the finals were: Claudia Isay, Bernice Wilson, Ruth Comer, Louise Wood, Allegra Nesbit, Florence Bernstein, Florence Hemingway, Helen Brown, Marion Monroe, Helen Lee, Elizabeth Hammond and Pearl Burford.

The boys were: George Kelso, Harland Freebury, Francis Heydorn, Harmon Ward, Edwin Smith, Joseph Jacobson,

Donald McArthur, Rundell Wood, Eugene Swartz, and Isador Ruman.

The final result was the selection of Allegra Nesbit and Marion Monroe for the girls and Edwin Smith and Donald McArthur for the boys.

Marion Monroe and Donald McArthur spoke in the Lake County Contest but were unable to place. Allegra Nesbit and Edwin Smith spoke at LaPorte in the Northern Indiana Contest. Edwin was not able to place but Allegra won first place in her contest. This one victory made the year's work worth while.



ALUMNI OF EMERSON HIGH SCHOOL



EMERSON High School can boast of Alumni scattered all over the United States, and also into the warring countries of Europe. Upon the entrance of the United States into this war, Paul Hake and James Davidson were among the first to enlist in the Officers' Training Camp. Lieut. Hake is now in Flanders fighting for his country, while James is in one of our camps. Frank Knotts, '11; Lewis Stone, '15; Laurie Spiker, '17; and others have been heard from in France.

Aviator Marvin Taylor, '17, has received his commission at San Antonio, Texas, Kelly Field Training Camp, and has been recommended as an instructor to remain in this country.

Paul Dexter, '17, Clyde Fishel, '17, Bailey, '12, Alex Feder, '14, are in the service in this country, as are Stewart Pritchard, '16, our athlete; George MacLennan, '14, our great wrestler; Gerald Phillips, '15, Emerson's well-known sportsman; and Irvin Elser, '16.

Joe Black, Marguerite Witwer, and Frances Brewer, all '17 members, are becoming very popular musicians.

Estella Weber, Blanche Mackay, and Ethel Teeple, are making themselves known as the leading stenographers of the city; Emma Taylor will soon win renown as a postmistress; and Cecil Clarke, with Jessie Wise as her assistant, as head of one of the world's largest banks.

Gladys Webber, and Sara Milgram are attending Columbia, while Leona Feuer and Ruth Rockwell are Freshies at Wisconsin University; with Hazel Swisher, '16, at Chicago

U., Zita Gross at Longwood, and Flora O'Brien at Northwestern.

Curtis Dils, '17, and his brother, Elmer Dills, '12, are doing "Y" work at the camps in Mississippi; and the trio, Carl Benson, Walton Burns and Loyd Cowan, all '14, are "somewhere in the service".

From Indianapolis comes the report that Louise Smith, '17, is married to a "soldier man", as is Mary Floyd in Virginia.

Eugene James, the '17 "ragtime president," is making quite a hit in California with his "Jazz Band," and Bernard Szold, our wonderful athlete and orator, is of course taking all the medals within reach at DePauw U.

Bob Maloney is also making a success at Indiana, as are Don Cameron and Ralph Hodson at Purdue.

Eva Dunlap, '17, and Fred Ramenstein, '15, are married, and Claire Summers, '17, Valedictorian, will soon be Mrs. Cupples.

Irene Davis, '17, and Hazel Doorley, are learning the mysteries of housekeeping. It is understood that Hazel will, of course, soon be Mrs. Castle. Lieut. Bert Kuss is also on the married list.

Chuck Harris, '16, is also one of Uncle Sam's fighting men.

Besides giving many pleasing functions at various times, the Alumni have not only been influential in all work during the war, but have given of their best to it: their boys. Of this Gary should be proud.

—Irene Davis, '17.

ALUMNI

1909

Hyman, Charles
Kohler, Earl
Patton, Katherine

1910

Bothwell, Florence
Bowlby, Claude
Bowlby, Helen Stratton
Glenn, Paige
Hotchkiss, William
Kettles, Frank
Maxon, Marian
Paine, Edward
Watts, Lucy

1911

Carver, Deana Szold
Cross, Granville
Davies, Elvira
Gibson, Anna
Holmes, Bertha
Jilson, Blanche
Kahan, Harry
Kevin, Birchard
Knotts, Frank
MacKenzie, Collin
Pastre, John
Phillips, Inez Townsley
Pickering, Bertha
Rhodes, Eunice
Shoover, Ona
Smith, Ralph

Stratton, Harold
Taylor, Adiah

1912

Bailey, Forbes
Bennett, Alonzo
Briggs, Eleanor Stephenson
Carlson, Minnie
Dils, Elmer
Hodge, Ione Carpenter
Holderman, Mary
Hotchkiss, Anna
Hotchkiss, Grace
Knotts, Eugene
Knotts, Norma McGrath
Kettron, Georgia Carnduff
Lee, Siegel
McCauley, Esther Lamb
McCormick, Arthur
Pisor, Marian
Ralph, Lillian Gallagher
Saunders, Dorothy Harris
Schaeffer, Florence
Simes, Ray
Sleezer, Mary
Smith, Carl
Stephenson, Elizabeth
Wicks, John
Woods, Margaret

1913

Bowers, Forest
Burton, Fred

Clarke, Ralph
Davidson, Alex
Davidson, James
Edwards, Carrie Lemley
Feder, Alexander
Hake, May MacNeill
Hake, Paul
Hanlan, Margaret
Holmes, George
Jones, Virginia
Kuss, Bert
Levey, Harry
Mack, James
Matthew, Rose
McCormick, Mildred
Milteer, Minnie
Much, Richard
Ruman, Flora
Smith, Lucile
Straton, Marguerite
Townsley, Lyle
Ward, Mary
Welk, Leora
Wilson, Russell
Woodbridge, Jessie

1914

Batt, Francis
Benson, Carl
Bowers, Harold
Burge, Ella Bothwell
Burns, Walton
Carrouthers, Gladys

Cowan, Lloyd
Davies, Hazel
Forbes, Allison
Goodrich, Etta
Harkness, Helena
Haskell, Harold
Heckenlively, Mildred
Hilton, Harold
Hutton, Kathryn
Hutton, Marjorie
Kline, Bertha
Krauss, Carl
Kyle, Pearl
Levey, Beatrice
MacLennan, John
Mausby, Katherine Keener
Mayme, Norman
Nelson, Florence
Oleksa, John
Phillips, Geraldine I.
Pierce, Vida
Riggs, George

1915

Alger, Weyman
Allen, Margaret
Andren, Erland
Andren, Inez
Aronson, Rose
Bennett, Edith
Bernstein, Lillian
Blankenburg, Russell
Bovino, Salvator

Burton, Malcolm
Bush, Edith
Corey, Martha
Crandall, DeCoursey
Cutler, Margaret
Goldberg, Bessie
Howell, Raymond
Holderman, Lester
Jaques, Ruth
Johnson, Ben
Kahan, Katie
Kilburne, Flossy
Kline, Irene
Kreinman, Sam
Krueger, Charlotte
Mackay, Ruth
Maloney, William
Nieukirk, Lail
O'Neal, Hazel
Phillips, Gerald
Quinlan, Leo
Ramenstein, Fred
Roy, Harris
Ruman, George
Ruman, James
Schoon, Peter
Smith, Blossom
Stone, Lewis
Viant, Faith
Watts, Nettie
Wedge, Edith
Weston, Harold
Wildermuth, Joe

Wilson, Fay
Wilson, Grant

1916

Baker, Howard
Bennett, Florence
Carlton, Harry E.
Cecil, Henry
Davis, Edward
Diamond, Harry
Fishel, Clyde
Frank, John
Harkness, Marion
Harris, Charles
Holmes, Esther
Hutchins, Josephine
Jeffry, Eloise
Kahan, Esther

Komorowski, Morris
Kuss, Louis
Kyle, Madge
Levey, Cecilia
Levey, Paul
MacGraw, Hazel
Newman, Lillian
O'Brien, Flora
Peters, Caroline
Pritchard, Stuart
Scott, Gordon
Steiner, Charlotte
Stevens, Donald
Strom, Esther
Swisher, Hazel
Watson, Helen
Wright, Vera

1917

Baird, Mary E.
Banta, Jane
Benfield, Ruth
Berthold, Pauline
Black, Joseph
Brewer, Frances
Broad, Elton
Bryant, Ruth
Cameron, Donald
Clarke, Cecile
Davis, Irene
Dexter, Paul
Dils, Curtis
Doorley, Hazel
Dubetz, Irene R.
Feuer, Lenora A.
Floyd, Mary

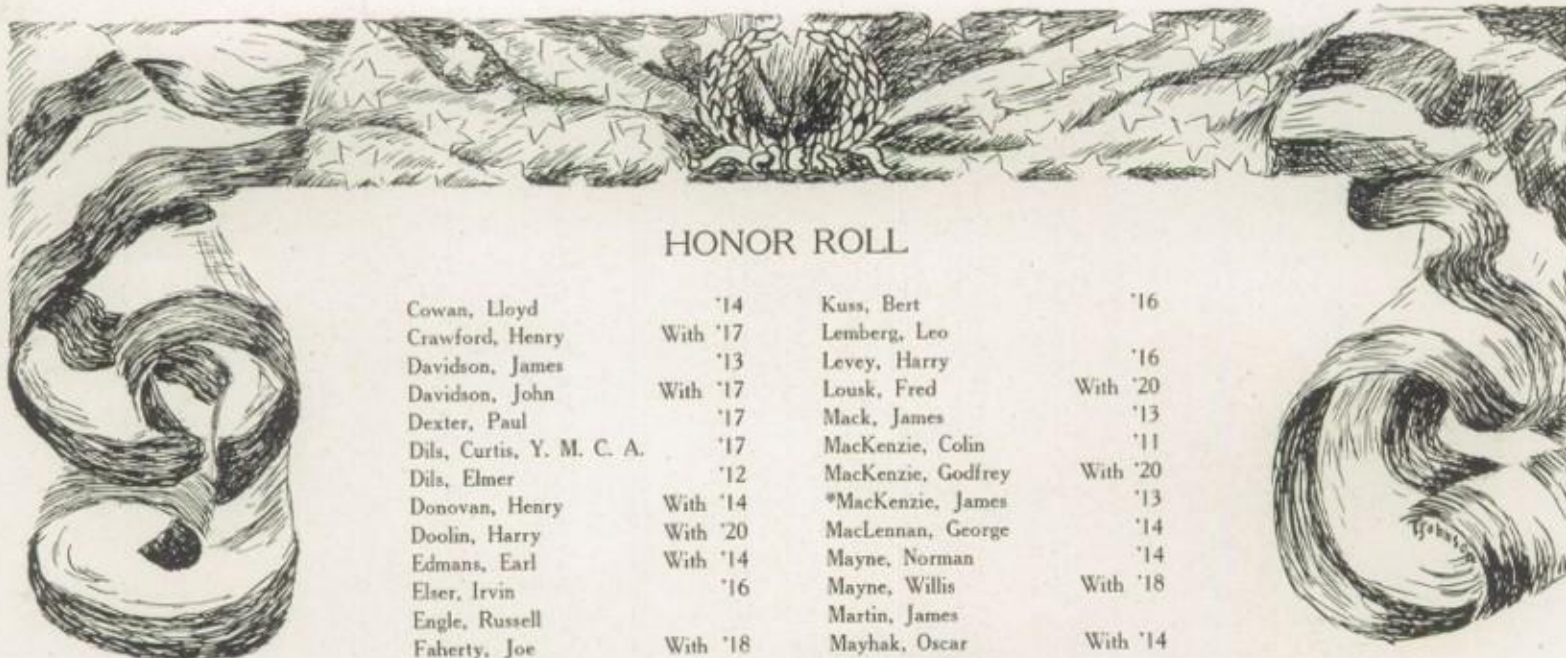
Freeburg, Thelma
Gross, Zita
Gustafson, Mildred
Hodsen, Ralph L.
Holloway, Lillian
James, J. Eugene
Jones, Chester H.
Kyle, John
Mackay, Blanche
Maloney, Robert E.
Marquardt, Margaret
McRoberts, Evelyn Boehn
McRoberts, George
Milgram, Sarah
Nelson, Helen V.
Nyland, Frieda M.
Ramenstein, Eva Dunlap
Rockwell, Ruth

Rogers, May
Roy, Robert G.
Smith, Louise
Sommers, Claire
Spiker, Laurie J.
Swanson, Edgar
Szold, Bernard
Taylor, Emma
Taylor, Marvin
Teepel, Ethel
Viant, Zim H.
Webber, Gladys I.
Weber, Estella C.
Welsheimer, Mildred
Witmer, Marguerite
Wise, Jessie
Wooten, Melvin E.

IN MEMORIAM

JESS BLAKE, '11

GRACE FISHER, '11



Anderson, Arthur	With '18
Aydelotte, Joe	With '16
Bailey, Forbes	'12
Bailey, George	With '14
Benson, Carl	'14
Berthold, Ralph	With '17
Bishop, Fred	With '19
Bowlby, Fred	With '16
Brewer, Harold	With '18
Brown, Edward	With '17
Brown, Forrest	With '19
Brueckheimer, Wm.	With '17
Burns, Walton	'14
Cavell, Lawrence	With '15
Colburn, Henry	With '19

Kuss, Bert		'16
Lemberg, Leo		
Levey, Harry		'16
Lousk, Fred	With	'20
Mack, James		'13
MacKenzie, Colin		'11
MacKenzie, Godfrey	With	'20
*MacKenzie, James		'13
MacLennan, George		'14
Mayne, Norman		'14
Mayne, Willis	With	'18
Martin, James		
Mayhak, Oscar	With	'14
McEchern, Clayton		
McEchern, Gordon	With	'18
McRoberts, George		'17
Mendurou, Arthur		
Meyers, Walker	With	'20
Miller, Cyrean	With	'19
Miller, Eddie		
Millstone, Joseph		
Moe, Sherwood	With	'11
O'Brien, Patrick	With	'17
Osman, George	With	'18
Philips, Gerald		'15
Pritchard, Stewart		'16
Range, Oscar		'17
Riggs, George		'14
Scott, Gordon,		'16

Spiker, Laurie	With '17
Swanson, Oscar	With '14
Taylor, Marvin	'13
Thorgren, William	With '19
Thorsen, Arthur	With '14
Underwood, Ralph	With '20
Vance, Harold	'16
Weber, Otto	With '12
Westergren, Rudolph	With '14
Wheelock, Carl	With '21
Wilds, John	With '18
Wilson, Grant	'15
Wilson, Russell	'13
Young, Roby	With '14



JOKES

Salpa

Rae—"That young American officer yonder—see him? He speaks French, I understand."

Helen L.—"Yes, I know him, but I wish he could speak French I understand."

Liz. H.—"Why is Claudia patriotic?"

Lucille—"Why, I don't know."

Eliz.—"Because she is waistless."

Marcella—"It seems silly to throw kisses, doesn't it?"

Dewey—"Yes, I always deliver the goods."

Miss Richardson—"Show how the word plenty is used incorrectly."

Curtis—"I have plenty of money. That's incorrect."

Agnes Brink—(In a plaintive tone)—"Oh dear, I think Macbeth is perfectly horrid! Why, really when I got through reading it, everyone was dead."

"Mazzie"—"Why are teachers like carpenters?"

"Jerry"—"I am sure I don't know."

"Mazzie"—"They are always working on block heads."

Little pencil shavings,

A thousand notes or more,

How the janitor will cuss,

When he sweeps this floor.

One hundred three

It is reported that Claude H. went to the library and asked the librarian for "Acrobats at the Breakfast Table".

Miss K.—"What is Saratoga noted for?"

Clever Senior—"Saratoga chips."

If you want to know the new way to keep bananas from turning black, after you peel them, call on Lucille Harris.

Lives of Seniors all remind us,

We can also follow them,

And departing leave behind us,

Ponies of the Latin men.

Runt Wood wonders if he will be invited to the next series. He worries about it.

IF'S

If Edith Bynon wanted a fellow, would John Suter?

If Isadore goes East, does Ruth West?

If Harvey likes straw, does Henry Hay?

If Rose Ella likes Valpo, does Elizabeth Hammond?

If Marjorie is dark, is Helen Brown?

B. Friedman—"I see a man died at the age of 118."

R. Wolf—"Well it was time wasn't it?"

Miss K.—"What is a term?"

H. Cogley—"Thirty days."

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Rachel Kahan—On time?
 Miriam—Refusing to dance?
 Rose Ella Ralph—In the Contest Chorus?
 Marian—Without her smile?
 Isay—Spending a nickel?
 Geo. Dunleavy—A little, four foot, delicate fellow?
 Elizabeth G.—Making a grade of 69?
 Ansel—Without his gift of gab?
 Hayman—Not a vampire?
 Curtis—With a collar on?
 Lizzie—Not following Elwood around?
 Ruth West—Wearing long skirts?
 Edith Bynon—Without a bunch of fellows around?
 Lawrence Tittle—With long trousers on?
 Dillu—Talking in a low, quiet voice?
 Deak Smith—Without his flivver?
 Gladys—Forgetting Baldy?
 Allegra—Satisfying Miss Lynch?
 Doris—A Ballet Dancer?
 Ramsey—Dancing the Moment Musical?
 Bessie F.—Six foot three?
 Eugene—Having a case?
 Jessie—With nary a Soldier Friend?
 Dewey—A quiet lad?
 Pearl—A quiet, pious little girl?
 Helen B.—As thin as a rail?
 Catherine Stedman—Without her baby talk?
 Ashbury—Flirting?
 Claude H.—Not writing notes to Helen B.?
 Geraldine H.—With Mary Pickford's curls?
 Henry H.—Not smiling at the ladies?
 Dubetz—Not in an argument?
 Harris L.—Escaping the Juniors?
 Suter—Graduating in 1918?
 Harold Skinner—Going with an Emerson girl?
 Beany—Pleased with the N. N. N.'s?
 Joe Jacobson—Not following Helen and Florence?

Harvey Evans—A ladies man?
 Marjorie Bowers—A tom boy?
 Elizabeth—Without her fiddle?
 Cogley—Going with Eva again?
 Paul Smith—Making a speech?
 Ruth Anderson—Using powder and paint?
 Hemingway—Married to a soldier?
 Ruth Wolf—Not going with a "Milton"?
 Elmer Behn—Not helping the Seniors?
 Eva Sprowls—As Theda?
 Sylvia Tittle—Saying—"No George"?
 Baldy—Losing at a friendly game (Hawaiian golf)?
 Runt Wood—Not patrolling Jackson?
 School Band—Playing a piece in tune?
 Irene Clark—Holding an argument?
 Carl Johnson—A professional dancer?
 Gladys Philips—Not talking about a soldier?
 Agnes Brink—Not reciting in English?
 Lucille Harris—Not playing basketball?

Frank S. at carnival watches high diver. The diver mounts to a platform 60 feet in the air and the brass band plays chills and fever music. The diver leaves this perch, plunging head downward into a small tank and comes up; the band breaks into a lively strain. Frank, (turning away)—"Some-time that band is going to play and that man isn't going to hear it."

Baldy went down to the Orpheum last night without any money.

Did he get in on his face?
 No, he came out on it.

Have you mopped the floor yet?
 Janitor—"No—"
 No what?
 "No mop."

One hundred four

IN THE ICE HOUSE—CLARK ROAD

Cogley—in the dark—"Pearl, you cut that out or I'll call Papa."
 Rundel—"Anybody got a dime?"
 Suter—"7 come a 11 at-a-boy."
 Rachel—"Now everybody listen, it was two-thirty in the morning—"
 Miriam—"Now you boys put out those matches."
 Edith—"Where did that near beer go?"
 Irene—"Am I alive or have the Juniors still got me?"
 Sylvia—(Calling up Jonesy's home)—"Is Gladys there?"
 Other end of wire—"No, Gladys has gone to Miller."
 Helen Lee—"Where is Rachel?"
 Pearl—"Oh, kids, keep still!"
 Just two minutes more!!!
 Isadore—"Shut up for heavens sake, here they are."
 Eugene—"You owe me 45 cents."
 Ramsey—"Give a dying man something to eat."
 Skinner—(a whistle first)—"Lay low, fellows, here they come."
 Elmer—"Clear out the fire station for the cats."

That dress you wore last night was a song.
 What song?
 Sweet and low.

What's a millenium?
 O the same as a centennial only its got more legs.

Sailor on watch—"Ship a hoy sir."
 Cap—"Where away?"
 Sailor—"O far away."

Books by Well Known Authors

"The Village Belle"—Agnes Brink.
"Hearts I Have Broken"—Rae Kahan.
"How to Be Uncommon"—Dilla Loyd.
"The Scientific Way to Eat Beans"—Pearl Burford.
"How to Gain Beauty"—Helen Hayman.
"The Army and Navy Forever"—Gladys Phillips.
"How to Graduate in Four Parts"—Milton Isay.
"Agriculture"—Ansel Coons.
"The Art of Manicuring"—Harris Liebolt.
"My Four Years in German"—Vernon Smith.
"How to Gain a Classical Profile"—Eddie Wilson.
"How to Vamp 'Em"—Florence Hemingway and Helen Kidwell.

Isay—"I never pay old debts. I simply forget them."

Suter—"And your new ones?"

Isay—"I, I let them get old."

Gladys and Baldy went to a movie show,
In time to see the start,
And prim, precise and proper quite,
They sat this far apart.
And Oh! the hero won the maid,
Twice Oh! he stole a kiss,
And when the lights went on again,
They sat up close like this.

Lucille—"Let us sit nearer the music."

Oscar—"But then you can't hear what I am saying to you."

Lucille—(rising)—"I know, come along."

Latin 4

Miriam—(Reciting)—"I can't see the board from here, Miss Peters."

Miss P.—"Well, I can't bring it to you, Miriam."

E. Bynon—"And why should I give you a kiss?"

Cogley—"Well, I just gave your little brother 50 cents to leave the room. I'd like some returns on my investment."

There was a young man from the city,
Who saw what he thought was a kitty,
He gave it a pat and soon after that,
He buried his clothes. What a pity.

Halt! who it is?

Friends.

Advance Friends and give the discount.

The mule kicked me.
Are you sure that you weren't teasing him?
No, I was just carving my initials in his back with my new knife.

Well no one can help what's past and gone.

You could have if you acted fast enough.

How's that?

Stopped before it happened.

Aren't you cold in that peek-a-boo waist?

Ruth Wolf—"How could I be cold Mother?
Haven't I fur on my coat?"

Runt Wood—"What's that stuff you're burning?"

Harris—"Chinese Incense."

R.—How does it smell?"

H.—"Punk."

There was a young full-back named Mat,

Who went through the line like a Gat.

One night in the fall,

He bucked a stone wall,

And a service was held at his flat.

One hundred five

I Wonder Why?

Helen goes to Lowell every Saturday?

Rachel reached Bloomington a week too soon?

Lucille has an appointment in Whiting every other week or so?

Rose Ella enjoys English 3 so much?

Irene is learning to cook?

Elizabeth likes to teach at Beveridge School Saturday afternoons?

Giveit tu em gudant plenti,

Soc et tu em gudant strong,

Never letem geta standin;

Gofeer evri word that's wrong,

Makum flunk and makum worry,

Makum sit up nights and buck,

Makum won derwat cher thinking,

Makum cursither evilluck,

Never letem getto hopfull,

Never say ther doin well,

Makum wish they hadn't cumhere,

Makum wishu were in—at home.

What Will Be Said When the Annual Comes Out—

Juniors—"Just wait till our Annual comes out next year. It'll beat this to smash. Say, those are the stalest jokes I ever read."

Soph. Girl—"The Annual isn't as good as I thought it would be. It has only four pictures in it of me. I don't see many jokes in here about me."

Mr. Spaulding—"Oh yes, this is a pretty good Annual."

Freshie—"Did I spend a dollar for this?"

Everybody in General—"It isn't nearly as good and large as I thought it would be."

Mr. Richardson—"This year's Annual is a first class production. I congratulate the board of directors."

This Store is Dedicated to the Boys and Girls of
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During Your School Term and After You Graduate You will Always Need

Collars
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Pajamas
Night Shirts
Work Shirts
Jewelry

Any Goods You May Need, We Have

We Say That If It's New, We Have It

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At the Red Sidewalk

Phone 653

GARRETT STUDIO

*The Portraits in This Annual
Are a Sample of Our Work*

527 Broadway

Ogden Bldg., Suite 212



English 4 I'll have you know,
Is where we sometimes come to woe,
Keats, Scott, Eliot, and Carlyle,
Often do our souls beguile.
Curse them, study them, love them,
It makes no difference to them,
For they're dead—their bones are dust,
But learn them well, we must.
So with a smile and a song,
We struggle in dear old "Long",
Till we learn their maledictions,
Trials, sorrows and afflictions.

War Time *ECONOMY* in Hardware

Buying poor hardware is a sure and quick way to lose money. If you haven't tried our quality hardware do so now. It is good war time economy. You get the full benefit of every cent we save in buying. Come in.

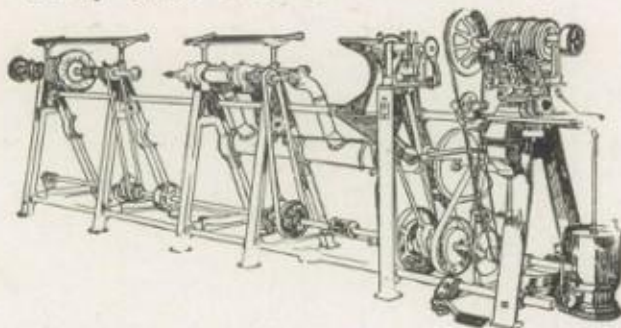
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GARY

INDIANA

Unity Good Year Shoe Repairing Co.



First Class REPAIRING While You Wait—Prices Reasonable
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"I have a very pleasant meeting ahead of me today."

"So have I, I have to meet a note."

Mr. White—"Yes, you know bookkeepers are very scarce, for example, last week a Gary business man hired a stenographer on Monday and she left on Thursday."

Rose Ella—"That's nothing, Robinson Crusoe only had his man Friday."

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All Work Guaranteed Satisfactory

The Colonial

Miss J.—“When did Horatius hold the bridge?”
Freshie—“Nobody of that name has given any
bridge parties in our neighborhood for several years.”

Bill Denton—“Say, Bert.”
Bert—“What?”
Bill—“If I plant pussy willows can I grow cat
tails?”

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ENGRAVERS

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GARY, INDIANA

Liebolt—"I saw two nuns today who greatly resembled each other."

Beany—"Huh, they must have been sisters."

Ray Tittle—"I'll get even with George for kicking my dog yesterday."

Lawrence—"How?"

R. T.—"I'm going to mix quinine in Sylvia's lip rouge."

STYLE HEADQUARTERS

Where Society Brand Clothes are sold

Thrift and Clothes

THRIFT in its true sense, and as we believe our Government wishes all to practice it, means the elimination of waste and the avoidance of extravagances.

It does not mean to go around in clothes that are threadbare and shabby with use and old age. A shiny coat is not evidence of thrift or patriotism.

One may be well dressed and ever so thrifty. Good clothes have an important bearing on one's self respect. It is your duty today to look successful. It inspires confidence. Moreover, good clothes are a personal asset. It is the man who looks the part that gets the part.

Thrift really means to get full value, one hundred cents, out of every dollar spent. By this you save. Then invest what you save and you are practicing thrift in its only logical and practical way.

Buy good clothes. Buy the best you can. Make sure of the value you get. Good clothes naturally cost more in the buying, but they cost less in the long run because they wear longer, fit better and add to your efficiency.

This store specializes in good clothes. Clothes that represent 100% value and at prices that afford you an opportunity to save.

Acker & Schmidt

JOHNNY KINNALLY

"Men's Duds"

Classy Tailoring—Furnishings the Same

662 Broadway

Phone 660

GARY, INDIANA

What's over there, a submarine?

Sanford—"No that's Isay. He's just been eating soup and he's just coming up for air."

Neighbor—"They tell me your son plays on the school football team. What position does he play?"

Mrs. Suter—"O, he's one of the drawbacks."

Paul—"Some dance."

Elizabeth—"Some don't."

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The logical establishment for you to buy your wearing apparel is: First, the store that gives you service; second, the store that has the right styles to choose from; third, where you know the price is always consistent with the high class of merchandise you desire. Make our store your trading home.

Nusbaum's Style Shop

Corner Broadway and 6th

Pa—"Does the isthmus of Panama join North and South America?"

"Yes."

"And ain't North and South America separated by the Gulf of Mexico?"

"Yes."

"Then are they farther apart than they are nearer together?"

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The Cash and Carry Provision Store

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If you want to **Hooverize**, you must **Economize**, especially in **man power** and amount of **Food Consumed**, and help win the war

That's the basis of the Cash and Carry Home System

O. Strom—"Yes sir, it's awful; every time I breathe a man dies in Europe."

J. Jacobson—"I should say it is. Why don't you try cloves?"

Shopper—"Where are the opera glasses?"

Floorwalker—"Rubber goods, two aisles to the left."

SHOES

For Men and Women

Boys and Girls

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EVERYTHING IN MEN'S WEAR

The Men's Shop

505 Broadway

Mearl T. Kitchen

Glenn F. Bastian

Gary, Indiana

Phone 109

Father—"How do you know this ball is lost?"

Ramsay—"I saw the man looking for it."

Baldy—"You will at least admit for the sake of argument that the world is round."

Dewey—"No, it isn't."

Baldy—"Well, then it is flat; now—"

Dewey—"No it isn't; it's crooked and I don't want to argue."

Scientific Methods Make Our Dentistry Painless

Dentistry has been revolutionized within the last few years—many dentists have not been able to keep step with this modern progressiveness, but in Dr. Holmes' office one will find all the modern devices including some of the most recent discoveries.

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Dr. J. T. Holmes

DENTIST

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Hart Schaffner & Marx label is your guarantee; they are all wool, skillfully tailored, and the real economical clothes to buy.

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MILLER'S TOGGERY

Miss Knickerbocker—"Who was the Carpenter's Son of Nazareth?"

Cogley—"Napoleon."

Isay—"How large were the horse's hoofs? Were they as large as my feet or hands?"

Claude—"No, just ordinary sized hoofs."

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MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

M. Kahan

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Man watching funeral—"Who's the corpse?"
Bystander—"John Smith."
M. W. F.—"You don't mean they are burying John
Smith?"
Bystander—"Sure, what do you think they're do-
ing, practising?"

What relation is Dillu Lloyd to celluloid?

I see they have recruited several clergymen for the
aviation corps.

As sky pilots I take it.

No, birds of prey.

M. Volcsko—"My ancestors came over on the May-
flower."

Art O'Hara—"It's a good thing they did, the im-
migration laws are stricter now."

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